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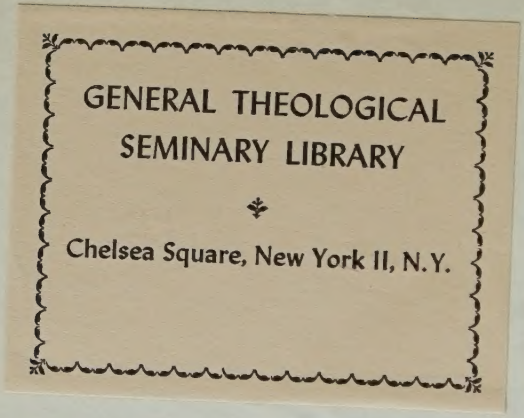
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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

The story of "Dorchester Polytechnic Academy," will be new to most readers. It is well known among the friends of the late Dr. DeKoven, that he had a wonderful gift of story-telling; and it was his custom to gather the boys in his study at regular intervals, and entertain them in that way. "Dorchester Polytechnic Academy" is one of the stories which was thus delivered to "his boys," and he was induced to write it out for publication, some ten years ago. It is so very different from any of his other publications, that it will excite a great deal of interest among those who were not favored with a personal acquaintance with the gifted author; and to those who knew and loved him, the book will be a reminder of happy hours spent at the College, and be treasured as a souvenir of their dear departed friend. The Publisher undertakes this work as a labor of love, and in the interest of one of the departments of Church work, very dear to the heart of his sainted friend,

L. H. M.

OFFICE OF "THE YOUNG CHUCHMAN,"
MILWAUKEE, WIS., 1879.

Dorchester Polytechnic Academy;

Dr Neverasole, Principal.

CHAPTER I.

Danville, as everybody knows who has traveled, is on the shores of the Atlantic ocean. A somewhat vague description, but it is all that is necessary for the present. Danville contains, besides others of less importance, one long street, called Main Street, at the foot of which is Mr. Hiram Higgins' store, where dry goods and groceries, brooms and molasses, are sold to the villagers—forgive me—I meant citizens of Danville; for Danville, albeit a small place, has a Mayor and Common Council, is lighted with a few feeble gas lamps, and is an undoubted city.

The street is long, and the road white with powdered oyster shells. The business part of the street has the Bank, the Court House, the First Presbyterian Church—so called because there is a second feebler sister in one of the bye-streets, where Elder Muggins has presided for now twelve years—the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is built of brick, and looks like the Parthenon, at Athens, or is supposed to do so; the Public Hall, where concerts and moral entertainments are given, and a few stores besides. After you pass them, come the best houses of the town;

Mr. Hogie's, of brick, stuccoed, with a cupola on the top—is the house of the place, and is pointed out to strangers, by enthusiastic Danvillers, as the residence of Sylvester Hogie, Esq., a man of great wealth and much public spirit. After passing Mr. Hogie's, and a few other houses of lesser note, which, as it were, repose under its shadow, Main Street loses its magnificence. The side-walk, formerly of stone, becomes unexpectedly plank, and finally ends in a well-beaten foot-path, which reaches out to the extreme end of Danville Promontory and St. Mary's Church.

Danville Street is common-place enough, but there is a sort of parallel line to the street, which is anything but common-place—a line not straight, but irregular, and defying all mathematical terms to describe it—of coves, and bays, and reaches of sand, and pools left by the receding tide, a long line of beach, upon which the people of Danville, on the east side of Main Street, look down from the high land on which Danville is perched; and where the children pick up shells and sea-weed, and where, sometimes, are pieces of spars and water-logged wood, which tell stories of the sorrows hid in the bosom of the ocean. The people of Main Street do as most other people in that part of the world. Some are honest and some cheat. They keep up a busy noise of buying and selling, and talk of one sort or another; the wagons go up and down, and the carts come in from the country to trade, and the sounds of daily life quite drown the sounds of the ocean. There seems to be a sort of rivalry between Danville Street and the ocean, and, on market days, especially, Danville Street has the best of it; but at night, when the people have gone home, and the stores are shut, and lights shine cheerily from the windows, the

ocean asserts its superiority. It keeps up a solemn roar, which grows deeper as the night goes on, and makes nervous people get up, now and then, from their comfortable beds, and look out of the windows into the night, with a sort of fear, lest the sea should suddenly have broken through its barriers, and be making an onslaught on its old enemy.

On winter days, too, when the snow blocks up Main Street and makes traveling difficult, and, except for sleigh-bells, very noiseless, and when the sea roars, raves and tosses, and the wind blows from the north-east, one has a sort of feeling in the upper stories of Danville House, as though one were out at sea and in immediate danger of shipwreck. Then the ocean has altogether the best of it, and even Mr. Hogie's house has a mystified, weather-beaten appearance, and really seems as though it would blush, were it not for the stucco.

To the west, the ocean is further away, and there is farm-land—such as it is—between Danville and the sea, on that side. Out at the end of the promontory, doing double duty as a church and a beacon to sailors, stands St. Mary's Church. It is a bleak spot there, on the end of the promontory, and one has a sort of compassionate feeling for the church, as though it had been left out in the cold by its more fortunate sisters, the First Presbyterian and the Parthenon-like Methodist Church.

The church is of wood, painted white, and has a square tower at the east end, in which is the chancel, an arrangement which Danville people, who have never heard of Orientation, regard as in some way putting the house wrong side before—a bad mistake of the architect, as Elder Muggins always remarks, when some adventurous stranger,

passing by Mr. Hogie's elegant mansion, makes for the sea, and is attracted by the very cheerlessness of the spot. There is a small grave-yard, fenced in by a white paling, around the church, and a few scraggy trees, all bending one way, and leaving a general impression on the mind as though they could not stand it much longer.

It is a grave-yard, however, only by courtesy, for very few people in Danville wish to be buried in a spot so comfortless. The cemetery, to the west of Danville, is the fashionable place of interment, and all Danville dead, except the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation, who are supposed to be sleeping somewhere under Danville Bank (that spot having formerly been a grave-yard), are buried there.

Two or three sailors, who came home to Danville to die, are buried in St. Mary's Church-yard—three old communicants, English born, who still cherished a memory of some country church-yard in the old country; these, and Captain Graham, make up the company who rest there.

Captain Graham's grave, with a cross at the end of it, and the inscription: "*Here lieth all that is mortal of Edward Graham, who died aged 52,*" and "*R. I. P.*" at the bottom, is a constant attraction to the village children. They do not generally know what R. I. P. means, and have a vague feeling that it contains something derogatory to the character of Captain Edward Graham, known only to his widow. Not that anybody knew anything against Captain Edward Graham, except that he had built St. Mary's Church.

Certainly there were no Episcopalians in Danville, except old widow Jones, who had always attended the Methodists before Captain Graham came in and stirred up her

latent Churchmanship. Out in the country, there were a few others, and in the summer, some people who came down from Dorchester for the bracing air. And in course of time, when the Rev. Mr. Southey, an old English Priest, preached sermons mostly compiled from Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Bull, and preached even better ones by a gentle, blameless life, there were a few converts. When Miss Nancy Hogie, Sylvester's maiden sister, left the topmost pew in the First Presbyterian and the fervent prayers of Mr. Coxie, for the cold formalities and lip-service of the Episcopal liturgy, all Danville was in an uproar. Mr. Coxie preached four sermons on the Beast in the Apocalypse, whose deadly wound was healed, and completely annihilated Episcopacy. Still Miss Nancy persevered, and was followed by a few other lesser lights, and some young men who went to church because their fathers commanded them to attend meeting.

So there was a small congregation who breasted the northeast wind for a Sunday morning service, and a still smaller number, who found their way to some other occasional services good Mr. Southey held on week days.

The shipmasters who sailed by on the way to the harbor of Dorchester, the great city some thirty miles to the north, and who, for some nautical reason unknown to landsmen, kept near the shore as they passed Danville Promontory, hailed the far-off sight of St. Mary's Church, through fog and mist, as a vision of home; but then they knew nothing of Captain Edward Graham and the horrors of Episcopacy.

That grave-yard and that church seem home-like enough to Mrs. Graham, in spite of their cheerlessness. They are the only places she ever leaves her house to visit, and

storms which keep half the piety of Danville indoors on the Sabbath, are no impediment to her, week-day or Sunday.

The night on which our story opens, she is safely indoors, and thankful enough, for there is a terrible tempest raging. The ocean had decidedly the best of it, though it is no later than Michaelmas. People looking up Danville street, at mid-day, could not see St. Mary's Church for the mist and storm.

The coach from Dorchester came in two hours behind time, and when the driver blew his horn, and tried to do it cheerfully, it was a sad failure. The one traveler, inside, wrapped in an overcoat, and with a red pocket handkerchief about his face, leaving only the redder tip of a nose visible, stopped at the Hogie Hotel, and would go no further, though bound for Nandusky; and the driver himself, after harnessing the new horses, shook his head, and sat down in the bar to smoke, and drink whisky.

The stores were generally shut early, and the gas lamps in the streets flickered in the wind, while on the shore, the waves beat louder and louder.

Indoors, at Mrs. Graham's, it looks comfortable enough. The house is on Main Street, just at the end of the plank walk. There are a few feet of land in front, which, according to Danville fashion, are as carefully fenced in as if they contained a gold mine, while lilac bushes and a great variety of shrubs, shut out the sunlight from the lower windows.

There is a broad hall through the middle of the house, and the back door opens upon a garden. There is, perhaps, half an acre of land behind, but it is fenced off into, at least, six different yards, with as many gates, and each appropriated to a different purpose, while at the end,

a huge barn shuts out any prospects of the sea, which, otherwise, might have been seen in the distance.

The house is large and roomy, and full of pantries and closets, where Mrs. Dorothy stores away, yearly, quantities of preserves and pickles.

But on the night of the twenty-ninth of September, Mrs. Graham and her grandson, Robert—aged ten years and eleven months—and Mrs. Dorothy, are seated in the back parlor. It is a large, comfortable room, with an open fire-place, in which, as the storm is a cold one, a bright fire is blazing.

Mrs. Graham is seated on one side, with a small stand, on which are two silver candle-sticks, reading her Prayer Book. She is dressed in deep mourning. Her hair is as white as snow, and, contrary to the fashion of the day, she wears no frisette. She would seem very much broken, were it not for a ruddy glow still on her cheeks, and a keen glance of the eye, which shows vigor still remaining. Her eyes are fixed on the Collect for Michaelmas, "O, Eternal God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order;" but as every now and then the storm howls louder, she turns the leaves over hastily, and, with her lips moving, says the prayer for those at sea.

Mrs. Dorothy, on the other side, knits, partly by the light of the fire, and partly by the light of the candle. She nods now and then, but recovers herself defiantly.

Robert is on the floor, in front of the fire, playing with the cat, which lies before the comfortable blaze, and purrs approvingly.

The mantel-piece is nearly as tall as the ceiling, which is low, and leaves only room between the shelf and the ceiling

for a portrait of Cap..in Graham, taken years ago, when he was a young man.

"It was just such a night as this," said Mrs. Graham, looking up from her Prayer Book.

"Hush! Hark!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorothy, interrupting her.

They both started from their seats at once; Robert, also, treading on the cat's tail as he did so, and producing the usual musical accompaniment. They all listened attentively, but there was nothing except the load roaring of winds and waves.

Mrs. Graham was the first to sit down again, while Robert went to the window and strove in vain to penetrate the darkness. Presently he stole quietly out of the room, and in a moment returned, crying out—

"Grandma, I have been to the door, and you can hear the sound of a cannon out at sea. It must be a ship in distress."

In a moment more, all three were at the door, and, in spite of the driving rain, listening for any sound that could be heard. There they stood together, and far away the waves beat on the shore, but not a sound could be heard except the roar of the ocean.

"It must have been imagination," said Mrs. Graham, as she closed the door and came in again and sat down at her Prayer Book. She resumed where she had left off—

"It was just such a night as this"— And Mrs. Dorothy would have heard, for the hundredth time, a story of Mrs. Graham's childhood, had not the clock in the kitchen, just at that moment, struck nine—the hour for family prayers and Robert's going to bed. Slowly and solemnly Mrs. Graham read the prayers, and added the prayer for those

at sea, and Robert kissed her for good-night, and Mrs. Dorothy, and went up stairs to bed.

He woke up in the morning with a troubled and uneasy feeling, as though, in some way, his rest had been broken —a sort of memory of the light of a lantern, seen through the darkness, and the closing of the front door, and many voices—but he could not tell whether it had been a dream or not. It was not a morning to feel uneasy, however, for the sun was shining bright, and wind and rain had ceased, and the leaves just turning red and golden, were sparkling bright, in the glancing sunlight.

Usually, on coming down stairs, he was at least an hour behind Mrs. Dorothy; but this morning, to his surprise, she was not sweeping the hall, or shaking the mat on the front steps, or cleaning the bird cage, or bending over the stove, or setting the breakfast table—arrangements which, one and all, marked the different periods of Mrs. Dorothy's time, before breakfast. The carpet, too—an unwonted sight—showed marks of muddy feet. Something must have happened to Mrs. Dorothy. Such a thing had not happened in the memory of man. When, just as thoughts of robberies, and all the horrible things he had read about in a book entitled "Remarkable Events," came crowding upon him, suddenly the door opened, and in walked Mrs. Dorothy.

"O, Mrs. Dorothy!" said Robert, "see the mud. What is the matter?"

She did not answer; her face was all aglow with some unwonted excitement; she only said, "Hush!" put her finger on her lips, and pointed up stairs.

"Is Grandma sick?" said Robert, surprised at her unusual manner.

Robert was frightened, and almost ready to cry, big boy as he was, when kind hearted Mrs. Dorothy seized him by the hand, and pulled him after her, up stairs. Her shoes were heavy and creaked loudly, but she laboriously marched on tip-toe, an example which Robert assiduously followed, the more so that Mrs. Dorothy impressed upon him, by every variety of pantomime, the absolute necessity of silence.

They came to Mrs. Dorothy's bed-room, which she quickly opened, and pulled him in and pointed to her bed. Robert's eye wandered around the room, and at last rested on what seemed a heap of bed-clothes supported by pillows. Following Mrs. Dorothy he came nearer, and cosily on the pillow lay a little head, with tangled curls almost white, and long black eye lashes, and white cheeks, looking like a dead angel, except that the lips were just a little red, and parted, and there was a slight motion to show that she was sleeping.

Robert could only gaze in blank astonishment, and was about to ask a hundred questions, when Mrs. Dorothy, seizing him by the hand, pulled him down stairs again, and, seating him on a chair, told him the amazing story of how the little girl was the only one of all the passengers, on board a vessel ship-wrecked last night off Danville Promontory, who had been saved. The boatmen, who had been on shore to see if any help could be given, had rescued from the waves this little one, and brought her there, as to the nearest house.

CHAPTER II.

A year and a month had passed away since the story opened, and it was Hallowe'en, the day before Robert's birthday. He had been born on All Saint's Day, and so long as he could remember, his grandmother and Mrs. Dorothy had kept the day as a high holiday. Robert knew, of course, that the Saints had something to do with the observance. The church was open, and there was the Holy Communion, which was only celebrated on great festivals, and other things to mark the solemnity; but the chief thought in Robert's mind about the day was, that it was his birthday. It made him feel as if the Saints had selected his birthday for their festival, and that they liked him better than they did other boys who had different birthdays. Mingled with this, there was another and more serious thought, that he ought to follow them in all virtuous and godly living, as the Collect said, and be one of those of whom he heard in the lesson, the world was not worthy. Then he thought of the words which went before: "They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword," and kept wondering whether he would have to bear anything like this.

This very afternoon he asked his grandmother whether there were any Saints now-a-days—whether anybody in Danville was a Saint, and whether boys ever could be Saints.

His grandmother stroked his hair gently, as he knelt by

her side, and looked down on the great Bible which lay open on her lap. She passed over the question about Danville, and replied, "she was sure boys could be, if they tried hard enough."

"How, grandma?" he said. "Must they be sawn asunder? That would hurt like sixty."

She said, "Robert, there are some things which hurt even more than that."

"I shouldn't think so, unless it were being eaten up by lions, or being burned when the wood was green," answered Robert. "What is it, grandma?" he asked again, as she continued stroking his hair.

"Well," she said, pausing a moment, "perhaps to lose all one's friends, and to live very much alone, and to have those you love turn out ill, something as St. John must have felt when all the Apostles were taken away, and the Blessed Virgin was dead, and he was longing to depart and be with Christ, and there were heresies and divisions in the Church.

Robert looked up wonderingly. This he could not understand, being sawn asunder looked a great deal worse. He only asked the question again: "How can boys be Saints, grandmother?"

She said, "There is a short way, Robert, which is the only way." She put both her hands upon his head, and a tear trembled in her eyes, as she spoke: "It is by giving up everything, all you have and all you want, to God, and keeping back nothing."

"Grandmother," he said, "do you think I ought to put my fish-pole, and my whip, and the big cat in the plate next Sunday? Those, and my patent-leather boots are pretty much all I have, unless it be," he added thoughtfully,

as if he were not quite sure as to whether it would be a sacrifice to part with it—"Rollin's Ancient History."

"Yes," she said, "Robert, all these, if you were sure God required them of you—everything you have, in *will* always, in *deed* often."

"Ah, Grandmother!" he said, with a bright smile, "it must be easier for boys to be Saints than men, for they have less to give up."

"Yes," she said, "if fish-poles, and cats, and boots, were all a boy had to give up, and if putting money in the plate, were the only way of doing it."

"What else is there, Grandma?"

"Your own way and your own wishes, and, perhaps, the things you love the most dearly, my child."

"What, Grandma! you and Mrs. Dorothy?"

"Yes," she said, and her face grew pale, and there was a nervous twitching about the mouth, and a big tear dropped on the Bible, and fell on the text: "Ye must, through much tribulation, enter into the Kingdon of God."

"You know what I told you a month ago?"

"Do you mean about Uncle Henry?" he said.

"Yes; to-morrow will be your twelfth birth-day, and then you must go to your Uncle Henry, if he wishes it."

"Will he want me, Grandma," he said, "do you think?"

"Yes," she said, "I fear so. He is to be here this week, sometime."

"Why did father leave it so in his will, Grandma?"

"He thought it was better, I suppose, that you should have the care of your Uncle, rather than mine, as you grew older; and, I dare say, too, he thought I would not live so long, for my health was poorer then than now. At

any rate, it is so, and your uncle thinks you ought to go to school with your cousin Edward."

All this was not new to Robert; he had heard it often before, but he had kept putting away the thought, as a thing not to be for a long time. Now it seemed to come home to him.

"I cannot go with Uncle Henry," he said. "I heard you say, one day, to Mrs. Dorothy, that he was not a religious man, but very worldly, and you were afraid the household was not managed well, and that Aunt Mary had influenced him towards—towards"—he hesitated for the word—"Spirituality."

The tears rushed into his eyes as he spoke, and his breast heaved, and the red blood flushed in his cheek. "I can't go, Grandma; indeed I can't, and leave you, and Aunt Dorothy, and little Bertha."

He put his head down on the Bible and shook all over.

"Ah! Robert," she said, "is not this the first self-sacrifice? Ought you not to put this on the plate to-morrow, if God wills it?"

He looked up into her face; the blood came and went from his cheek. Her pale face was lighted with a glow from the western sky, which gleamed in through the west window, opposite. The rosy light rested a moment on his forehead, as he answered—

"I see, Grandma, I see; yes, I will!"

So St. James and St. John had said, in the days long ago, when He asked them, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?" And they had answered, as brave and generous hearts should, without a moment's hesitation, "We are able."

All Saints' Day was a splendid day. The November

sun shone through a soft haze. There was not a breath of wind, and the dying leaves only fell from the trees, because they could stay no longer.

Mrs. Dorothy had picked the White Chrysanthemums from the flower-pots in the window, where they had been moved from the garden, from fear of frost, and made a cross of white flowers for Captain Graham's grave.

The big basket for the lunch, down on the point below the church-yard, which the sea washes so lazily to-day, is all packed, and sends forth a fragrant and appetizing smell. Little Bertha, now a child of the family, is happy and skipping about, in eager haste to be away, and Robert, dressed in his Sunday suit, with a sober expression on his face which seems to contend with his natural high spirits, waits at the foot of the stairs, for his grandmother to come down.

Now they are all ready. The bell rings out for the service. Yonder goes Mr. Southey in his wagon. Miss Nancy Hogie is seen in the distance. She meets Mr. Coxie, who bows and murmurs internally, "Deluded souls, who dream of Heaven." Miss Nancy was no longer young and pretty, and a green calash, as everybody knows, is not becoming, and a cotton umbrella, however useful, not a graceful appendage. Still, those who looked deeper than the surface, could have seen something in the deep light of Miss Nancy's eyes, and the soft, gentle smile, which made her like one pleasant to look upon, on All Saints' Day.

The little party waited for Miss Nancy, and were shortly increased in numbers by the accession of old widow Jones, who, having lost all her teeth, could only mumble festival greetings. But though the widow's utterance was thick, she made up what she lacked in clearness, by greater fluency. The good soul, indeed, kept on talking, whether you under-

stood her or not, and fascinated little Bertha, who kept gazing at her with great black eyes, under the horror-stricken impression that the old lady was an ogress.

Now, they could hear the slow, lazy beating of the waves on the Point; now, they passed through the church-yard gate; now, they stood in the shadow which, in the morning sun, the church cast to the westward.

They walked in a little procession up the path, with a certain formality which Robert was used to. First came Mrs. Dorothy, carrying the cross of Chrysanthemums, then Mrs. Graham, then Robert, then the widow, leading Bertha, who every now and then made ineffectual efforts to escape. Last of all came Miss Nancy, who liked it very much, but who had never entirely been able to get over the feeling, that perhaps there was some Roman tendency in it. They stopped at Captain Graham's grave. The marble cross was discolored, and moss-grown, the grass on the grave, weedy and withered. They looked at it for a moment; Mrs. Dorothy handed the cross to Mrs. Graham; she laid it on the grave. She then stooped down and read the inscription, and passed on, followed by the rest, into the church. How still it was inside! The altar was vested in snow white; the altar cross was decked with a few white flowers, and the service went on. Robert thought of what his grandmother had said to him yesterday, and, as they all knelt when the priest offered the alms upon the altar, he made his offering to God.

They had a fine time at lunch afterwards. The clean table-cloth was spread upon a smooth, flat rock, which the high bank kept in the shadow. Mrs. Dorothy knew how to get up a lunch—such sandwiches, such cold chicken, and such pumpkin pies—that the widow, whose larder was

but scantily supplied, felt that All Saints' Day was almost as good as Thanksgiving.

Robert and Bertha managed to boil the teakettle, for the old ladies could not manage to do without tea, even at a picnic; and, excepting a hole in Bertha's frock, and a tear in Robert's pantaloons, all went nicely.

When the widow had taken her tea, she told the whole story of the death and funeral of Mr. Jones, who had been killed some forty years ago, by a fall from an apple tree. She even gave quotations from the funeral sermon, and went so far as to repeat the gestures of the worthy minister. As she did so, unluckily the thought seized possession of Bertha, that the time had come when the ogress was to swallow her whole. She shrieked at the top of her voice, and screaming, "You shan't! you shan't!" rushed into Mrs. Dorothy's arms for protection. It was some time before she could take her face from the folds of Mrs. Dorothy's gown, where she had hid it, and when she did so, the sight of Mrs. Jones, showing all her gums in a vain effort to look benignant, renewed the explosion.

At last, it was proposed that the ladies should walk homeward, and Robert and Bertha be allowed to stay awhile longer, and pick up shells on the beach. This silenced Bertha's sobs, and no sooner was the last sight seen of the widow, as she climbed up the bank and was hidden from the view, than away went Bertha, full of glee, to pick up shells.

They had played an hour or two, when there came one of those changes in the weather, not uncommon in the autumn. Dark, grey clouds began to spread over the sky; the wind began to sob, and moan, and whistle, and the leaves in the church-yard above, rustled as though a multi-

tude were trampling on them. The air, which had been so soft and mild, grew chilly and cold, and the waves rolled in heavier and heavier on the beach.

"It is time to go home, Bertha," called Robert.

The change had affected her spirits. She put her hand softly in his, and looked up into his face, half frightened, and pointed out to the waves, and shivered. Quickly they climbed the bank, and stood in the church-yard. The tall, withered grass, which had not been mown, shook to and fro in the wind, the leaves danced in a circle in the angle of the tower, the cross of white flowers, which had been placed so carefully on the grave, was blown to one side, and the fair blossoms were withered. Robert carefully picked it up, and laid it again on the grave. As he did so, Bertha seized his hand and said,

"Come, let us go, Robby; see, there is a bad man here."

Sure enough, just in the way to the gate, seated on a tomb stone, which was placed in a horizontal position, sat a man, smoking a cigar. Robert was doubtful whether it was right to smoke at any time; but to sit on a tomb stone and smoke, seemed to him almost a sacrilege. There was that in the man's face which was not prepossessing, though he was well dressed, and had the outward marks of a gentleman.

Robert's first instinct was to turn and go the other way; his second thought was that this would be cowardly; so he took Bertha's hand firmly in his, and marched forwards. As he did so, the man rose from his place, and fixed himself full in front of the children, on the path. Robert's heart went thump, thump against his vest, and the big tears came into Bertha's eyes. It was but a little walk to where

the man stood, but the thought flashed through Robert's mind, as the most unreasonable thoughts will, what if he should be a pirate, or a robber, and should wish to carry himself and little Bertha off. He looked this way and that. There was the church and the lonely graves, and the far-reaching sea, but no living being in sight except the stranger.

Robert stepped out of the path to pass him, when he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and in a harsh, sharp voice, said, "stand still!"

Robert stopped instinctively, while Bertha grasped a handful of dirt and stones in her little hand, and with her cheeks blazing, was ready to throw them at the intruder.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Graham? I heard she had come out for a pic-nic; a pretty thing for a woman of her age?"

"She has gone home, sir;" and as he said so, Robert tried to hurry on.

"Gone home, has she? Then I will go there, too, although I do not see how I could have missed her. What's your name, little girl?" he said, stooping down and trying to kiss her. He seemed more unpleasant when he tried to be pleasant, even than before, and little Bertha jumped out of his reach, and, if Robert had not stopped her, would have thrown the handful of dirt at him.

The gentleman only laughed, and said to Robert, "And what is your name?"

"Robert Graham."

"Ah!" he said, with a little start, "you are the boy, then. I suppose you do not know me. I am your Uncle Henry."

Robert did not know what to say, so he said, "how do you do, sir?"

"Well," said Mr. Stebbins, for that was his name, "is your trunk all packed, my fine sir? I have come for you. Your cousin, Edward, is very anxious to see you."

Robert did not answer; his heart was too full. He would perhaps have said something ungracious, when his attention, and that of Mr. Stebbins, was diverted by little Bertha who, having in the excitement withdrawn her hand from Robert's, was proceeding at a little distance in the rear to discharge a new handful of dirt at the coat tails of Mr. Stebbins. Robert, of course, had to catch her and stop the threatened demonstration; and so, in his efforts to keep the little maiden in order, and in answering a few questions, the time passed till they reached Mrs. Graham's door.

Mr. Henry Stebbins was the son-in-law of Mrs. Graham. He had married for his first wife her eldest daughter. During the short time of their married life, doubtless influenced by her earnest faith, Mr. Stebbins had seemed all that one could desire. A sudden fever had taken her away, after they had been married but a few years, and with many prayers she had committed to her husband's care her only child Edward. Mr. Stebbins had remained for a while, a sincere mourner, but four years before the story begins, had married Miss Mary Mixer, a lady well known in the refined society of Dorchester, as a person of strong character and great attainments. She was a constant contributor to that admirable magazine, *The Progressive Freeman*; had been a teacher of Ethics, Physiology and Hygiene, in the Dorchester Female Academy, and was for a while an inmate of the Fourierite Establishment at Polehampton. To her maternal affection young Edward

Stebbins was entrusted. It was while the first Mrs. Stebbins was living that Mr. Graham, Robert's father, feeling that his end was approaching, had made by his will Mr. Stebbins one of his executors, and determined that his son Robert should be placed under his uncle's care when he reached his twelfth birthday. He was led to do so from his respect for Mr. Stebbins' character as it then appeared, and from his fear that his own mother's age and infirmities, would preclude her from doing her duty to his son.

Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins would gladly have left Robert to his grandmother's care, had it not been for one consideration. Mr. Graham had left a comfortable property, and by the provisions of the will, over and above the expenses of his son's maintenance, Mr. Stebbins was to receive a sum of money every year, so long as Robert Graham remained under his charge. His own tastes and those of his wife were expensive, his business was not as profitable as it might have been, and the additional income was an object to him. He also thought that Robert Graham would be a desirable companion for his own son, and so was ready and desirous to take him under his charge, so soon as his twelfth birthday arrived.

Mrs. Graham, much as she would have liked to keep Robert with her, and greatly as she feared the influence of Mr. Stebbins' home associations, was prevented from making any strong effort to overcome Mr. Stebbins' resolution, by the feeling she had, that, by doing so, she might be interfering with God's providential ordering for her grandson. His father, with many prayers, and after much consideration, had thus willed it, and so with many a pang and tear, and many a misgiving and earnest prayer, she resolved to let him go.

Mrs. Dorothy was for a long time rebellious, and, in private, abused Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins to Miss Nancy Hogie and the widow Jones, until they regarded them as worse than Fejee Islanders. Indeed, whenever Mrs. Dorothy poked the fire in an especially spiteful way, it was fully understood by the widow and Miss Nancy, that she was poking the invisible Stebbinses, and devoting them to the same fate with which Calvin had regaled Servetus.

Miss Nancy had been a little shaken in her opinion about Mr. Stebbins, by seeing so gentlemanly-looking a man pass her house the day after his arrival in Danville, but, on expressing some doubts as to his total depravity to Mrs. Dorothy, she had been met by such a glance of disdain, that she prudently abandoned the contest, and only restored herself to favor, by remembering, in the nick of time, that Satan himself had been transformed into an angel of light.

I pass over the sad parting, on the third of November, when, in the fog, and mist, and dreariness, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Dorothy had watched the Dorchester stage grow dimmer and dimmer in the distance, until it was lost to view. There were few last words. The stage went early, and Mrs. Dorothy had to get breakfast. Mrs. Graham had tried to eat, and did her best to make Robert do so. She had been pleased to see that the excitement of traveling, and the prospect of seeing the great city, of which he had heard so much, had a little taken away the intensity of Robert's sorrow at parting. He was full of the Museum, and the man-of war in the harbor, and the great menagerie, and the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, about which his uncle had told him; and in the thought of present enjoyment, forgot the sorrow of going away.

The night before, Mrs. Graham had had a quiet talk

with him in her own room. There was one thing about which she had been very anxious—he had never been confirmed, and had not received the Holy Communion. The newly consecrated Bishop of Dorchester had not, as yet, visited Danville, and the old Bishop had regarded confirmation as a corrupt following of the Apostles, and so had administered it as seldom as he could. She made Robert promise that he would be careful about his prayers. She gave him a new Bible and Prayer Book, and an old copy of Bishop Ken's Prayers for Schoolboys, which his father had used. She enjoined upon him that he should always go to church when he could, and, laying her hands upon his head, implored him to take the first opportunity of being confirmed, that God should give him. "Remember, my child," she said, "confirmation will give you strength to resist your temptations, and when you go to the Holy Communion, it is going to Christ, our dear Lord. When you are disappointed, or sorrowful, or lonely, or tempted, if you can only go to Him you will find comfort and help. You can go to Him," she said, after a moment's pause, "each time you say your prayers, and each time you go to Church, but you find His very blessed Presence at the altar of God."

He listened with a thoughtful expression on his face, and said, "Yes, grandmama, I promised God in church yesterday, I would give up all for Him."

She kissed him on his cheek, and said one thing more: "Robert, do try and do your cousin as much good as you can; I am afraid he needs help. Perhaps," she said, with a bright look, "God has taken you away from me that you may do good to him." Just then Mrs. Dorothy had called them to tea, and so the talk had ended.

A pleasant fire in the dull November evening, was

burning in the grate, as Robert entered the comfortable parlor in his uncle's house in Dorchester. Mrs. Stebbins was reading the last number of the *Progressive Freeman*, and her son Edward, or, as every one called him, Ned, was curled up in the arm chair, asleep.

Let us look at him a moment. He is about a year older than Robert Graham, and looks like him and unlike him. It is difficult to say in what the likeness consists, for Robert's hair is black, while Ned's is a light brown; Robert has black eyes, Ned blue; Robert is thick-set, and stout and broad-shouldered; Ned half a head taller, and thin, and spare; Robert's face brown with exercise in the open air, and with a ruddy glow in his cheeks; Ned's has a chalky look, and over all his features there is an appearance as though they had been partly washed out by a sponge; Robert's face has a sunny, cheerful smile; when Ned's features are in repose, there is an expression half melancholy, half irritable; and yet there is a likeness as if Robert might have looked like Ned had he been differently brought up, and Ned might have had the same sort of face with his cousin, under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Stebbins was not a handsome woman. The first thing you noticed was her hair. It was brushed off her forehead, to show as much as possible of her brow; on either side of her face, it was drawn down into four stiff curls, and on the back, it was made up into a little hump. It seemed as though it had never been able to flourish, by reason of the activity of her brain, and was withered up by internal fires. She wore gold spectacles, and had a habit of biting her nails. As Robert came in, she laid aside the *Progressive Freeman*.

"So this is Robert Graham? How do you do?" She gave him a little kiss, and began to read again.

"Wake up?" said Mr. Stebbins, giving Ned a poke.

"Whoa!" said Ned. "What's the matter?" Then rubbing his eyes, he added, "Is that you, Pop?"

"Yes, Ned; don't you know your cousin?"

He got up from the chair, and took Robert's outstretched hand, and said, "I'm glad you've come. Come up to the Snuggery."

Robert looked around at his uncle, and, receiving no directions as to what to do, and supposing the Snuggery was some place, where it was the proper thing for him to go on his arrival, followed Ned out of the room.

Ned mounted three pair of stairs, and in the topmost hall, kicked the first door open. "Look out," he said, "for the Happy Family, till I turn on the gas." It was only just in time to save Robert from treading on the box containing the Happy Family, which consisted of a squirrel, a pigeon, a cat, a mouse, a guinea pig, and a rabbit.

The Happy Family diffused an odor not suggestive of happiness, over the room. Robert gazed around, and Ned looked on, pleased at his astonishment. The wall was hung with pictures of horses and prize-fighters, with here and there a comic sketch. On the mantel-piece were a couple of meerschaums, and just under the gas-light, as if Ned had been lately reading, lay a dime novel, entitled, "The Bride of the Rocky Mountains, or The Hunter's Revenge." The half-opened drawer showed what looked like a whisky or brandy flask, and in the corner, a false moustache.

"How do you like the Snuggery?" said Ned.

"I don't know; what is it for? Is it a private menagerie."

"A private menagerie!" laughed Ned; "why, it's my bedroom, and I call it the Snuggery, it's so awful comfortable. See here," he continued, and taking down a meerschaum from the mantlepiece, he lighted it, and put his legs up on the table, "This is what I call jolly." As the smoke filled the room, the Happy Family did not seem to find it jolly, but began moving about the box in which they were confined, in a way which seemed to express uneasiness, at least. Robert himself was compelled, in a little while, to retreat to the door, and ask if he could not go down stairs again.

"First, I will show you your room, which is close by mine." He opened the next door, and showed a neatly furnished room, looking out upon the street.

"This is nice," said Robert.

"Nice enough, but it does not make any difference, as we shall both have to be off to the 'Polly' on Monday."

"The 'Polly?' What's that?"

"Oh! that's what we call the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy."

"Why are we going so soon?"

"It's on account of the disagreement, or something, in my bumps."

"Bumps!" said Rob, more and more mystified; but Ned would vouchsafe no explanation, and led the way down stairs again.

In the course of the evening, the mystery was explained. Mrs. Stebbins was reading a Treatise on Phrenology, from which, every now and then, she read an extract aloud. Suddenly she called to Robert, and ordered him to kneel on

his knees before her, and commenced rapidly rubbing his head and fumbling in his hair.

Robert was quite amazed, and said, meekly, "Mrs. Dorothy combed it with a fine-tooth comb on Saturday, and she said it was very clean."

"Clean!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins, "What's cleanliness? Here's combativeness, very large; philoprogenitiveness, enormous! Mercy!" she exclaimed, "What shall we do?"

"What is it, my dear?" said Mr. Stebbins, waking up from a nap, while Ned drew near, and with a make-believe expression of deep interest on his face, asked, "What is it?"

"He has a dreadful head; destructiveness, obstinacy, amativeness, largely developed; conscientiousness, reverence, ideality, not large. Poor Dr. Neverasole, what a time he will have!"

"Mother," said Ned, "I ate up the custard that was in the closet, this afternoon, in order to cultivate my alimentiveness, which you said was deficient, and I asked the most ancient Miss Puggins how old she was, to increase my individuality. Is there anything I can do to improve Rob's bumps?"

"I shall leave you both to dear Dr. Neverasole," said Mrs. Stebbins, "you can go to bed now."

As they went up stairs, Ned declared that his mother had greatly improved his character by her exertions, and that his bad bumps were constantly growing smaller, and his good ones actually swelling. "Whenever I think I am getting too good, I bump my head against the bedpost. Sometimes," he said, looking at Robert with an air of comic seriousness, "my whole character is changed by a slight accident, as everything depends upon the way the bumps are balanced. Once," he said, "it became necessary for

me to increase my destructiveness, in order to preserve the balance of power, and I used to break a dozen cups and saucers, daily."

Poor Rob! He did not comprehend; he had not been used to that kind of joking—and he went to bed with a heavy heart.

He undressed himself, and after reading the Evening Psalter and lessons, knelt down and said his prayers. He got into bed and tried to sleep. To drive away all other thoughts, he said his evening hymn, and kept repeating over the words:

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die."

But, do what he would, his grandmother, and Mrs. Dorothy, and his own little room at home, and the cat, came and looked at him. It seemed to him as if he must see them, and speak to them. It seemed as if his heart could jump out of his mouth, it was swelling so large in his breast. The hot tears ran down his cheeks. Just as he thought he could stand it no longer, he remembered what his grandmother had once told him, that when he was separated from those he loved, he could always come near them by praying for them. So he got up from his bed and prayed for grandmother and Mrs. Dorothy, little Bertha, and everybody in Danville, he could think of. Then he felt easier and better, and, with his hands crossed upon his breast, fell fast asleep. The moon looked in at the window, and cast a pale, white light on the bed—he slept in peace.

How long he had slept, he did not know, when he was awakened by a loud shout: "Help—help—murder—

murder—help—help!" He leaped from his bed and rushed to the door. As he opened the door, the house was as still as possible—not a sound was to be heard. He thought he had been dreaming, when, louder than before, from Ned's room came the cry: "Help—help—murder—murder!"

It was but a moment's work to push open the door and rush in. As he did so, something gave a jump at him, and fled past him.

The room had a close, bad smell of tobacco and the Happy Family, combined; the gaslight, not turned quite off, cast a flickering light over all; Ned sat up in bed; his eyes were fixed on vacancy; the sweat stood in great beads on his forehead; his face was as white as the sheet; he did not seem to see Robert, and cried again: "Help—help!"

"Here I am," said Rob, "what is the matter, Ned?"

"It is a ghost," said Ned, "I saw it, and felt in on my breast."

"Pooh!" said Robert, laughing, "Wake up. It was only the cat; the Happy Family have got out, and are having a good time."

Robert came and sat on the bed, and put his hand on Ned's hand. The poor boy was shaking like an aspen. He lay down in bed, and when Robert, seeing that the nightmare was over, moved to go, Ned begged him to stay. "Don't go, Rob," said he, "I dare not stay alone; I see such awful things." So Rob lay down on the bed by his side, and slept till morning.

The next day was Sunday, and Rob was up, as was the custom at home, bright and early. He dressed himself carefully, and read, as he was accustomed to do, though not fully understanding it, the hymn for the Sunday, from *Keble's Christian Year*. When he went down stairs there

was nobody stirring except a sleepy-looking house-maid, who was opening the parlor shutters. She stared at him, and when he asked what time breakfast would be ready, replied, "Sometimes, it was nine, and sometimes it was ten; it depended on what time master and mistress got up."

It seemed an age till breakfast time. The meal was only just over, when all the bells in the city went clang—clang—for the various services and meetings. Rob went to the window. He wondered where they all went to church, but nobody said anything. His uncle sat in his arm chair, in dressing gown and slippers, reading the Sunday edition of the *Dorchester Daily Lyar*. Ned had got the "Bride of the Rocky Mountains," and was yawning over it. Mrs. Stebbins had left the room.

The bells rang out, and, through the window, Rob could see the people, neatly dressed, and going this way and that to church.

He did not like to speak to his uncle, so he whispered to Ned: "Where do we go to church?"

"Go to church?" said Ned, "sometimes I go to one church; sometimes to another. Last Sunday—let me see—I was at Pumper's Hall, to hear Mrs. Ernestine Smith lecture on Spiritualism. She's a medium—and how she does talk! The Sunday before that, I went to the Catholic Cathedral; and Sunday before that, it rained; and to-day I haven't decided."

"Isn't there any Episcopal Church?" said Rob.

"Oh, yes!" said Ned, "there's Old St. Bridget's close by; that's the fashionable church. Pop's got a pew there—havn't you, Pop?" he asked.

"What?" said Mr. Stebbins, looking up from the police intelligence in the *Daily Lyar*.

"Havn't you got a pew in St. Bridget's?"

"No," said Mr. Stebbins, with a frown, "I have sold it; don't bother me!"

"Won't you please go with me?" whispered Robert, again. "I do want to go, and I don't know where to go."

"Well," said Ned, "I suppose I might as well; it's some time now, since I have patronized the Episcopals."

Presently, the boys were on their way. The bell had ceased tolling before they got to the church, and Rob had a guilty feeling, as though he was breaking the fourth commandment. Just before they reached the church, Rob asked Ned why he did not go to some church, regularly.

"Oh," said Ned, "Pop wishes me to decide for myself, about my religion; he doesn't believe in prejudicing me in favor of any denomination; so I am trying them all."

Just then, as they were mounting the broad stone steps which led to St. Bridget's, suddenly, Ned looking over his shoulder, saw a boy he knew, on the other side of the street. "Don't wait for me, Rob," he said, "there's Jerry Guffins!"

Rob stopped for a moment, hoping he would return, and then opened the church door and walked in. The church was well filled with people, all elegantly dressed. The pews, which were painted white, were very high indeed, with high doors, on each of which was a small brass plate, with a number on it. At the end of the aisle was a railing, and inside of it, a table with a marble slab on it, and above that, a huge desk, and far above that, a pulpit. A clergyman, in the desk, was reading the exhortation.

Robert walked up the aisle, hoping to find an empty pew. The people looked over the tops of the pews, at him. There was a pew near the top, with only one lady in

it, and Rob put his hand on the door, to open it, but the lady looked at him and frowned; so he walked to the top of the church; but no one asked him in, and then he walked down again. By this time, the confession had begun, and Rob did not like to be walking about, so he knelt down in the aisle, where he was. When he got up from his knees, an old, white-headed man, came out of a pew, a few doors ahead, and taking him by the hand, led him into a pew. At this, a young lady tittered almost aloud, and several others hid their faces in their Prayer Books.

The service went on as usual, except that when the Litany was said, and Robert read the responses, as he was accustomed to do at home, the white-headed gentleman touched him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Not so loud, my little man—not so loud." So Robert read lower. When the sermon began, Robert had time to notice how nicely the pew was cushioned, and how handsomely the Prayer Books were bound, and, also, to remark a thermometer, which the old gentleman kept examining, as though it might be affected by the warmth or coldness of the services.

At last, Robert got interested in the sermon. It was about confirmation, and he was all the more interested, when he heard the clergyman say that the Bishop would visit the church that afternoon, to administer the rite, and he hoped that those who wished to be confirmed, would hand in their names before Evening Prayer.

Presently, the blessing was pronounced, and scarcely were the words uttered, when everybody got up, and moved into the aisles. Some nodded, some whispered, some talked about the weather or the sermon, and down the aisle the people poured.

The white-headed man moved along with the rest; but Robert, when the others had passed out, stayed in the pew. He remembered what his grandmother had said about confirmation, but he did not know what to do. Presently, he saw a fat, motherly-looking woman, going towards the vestry-room, and he mustered up courage enough to follow her. Before they reached the door, out came the clergyman.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Jowler!" he said, shaking her warmly by the hand. "What a lovely Sabbath this is."

"Lovely, indeed, Mr. Gooby; and what a sweet sermon that was, you gave us."

"I am glad you liked it. I sat up till two o'clock, last night, writing it."

"Do be careful of your health, Mr. Gooby."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jowler. I keep up pretty well, though I am a *little* fatigued. How is dear Belinda?"

"She did not like to come out to-day. She would be so much noticed, you know, and Thursday so near by; but we thought you might come home and dine with us, and explain to her about the service, so there might be no mistake at the wedding."

"Just like dear Belinda—so thoughtful!" said Mr. Gooby. Then he noticed Robert, who stood twirling his hat, and anxiously waiting for a chance to ask his question. Sabbath School meets at three," said Mr. Gooby, and was passing by.

"Please, sir," said Rob, "May I ask you a question?"

'Certainly," said Mr. Gooby, with a smile, but at the same time with a little impatience expressed in the voice, "what is it?"

"Would it be right for me"—and Robert hesitated and stammered, as he asked the question—"so soon after hearing about it, to be confirmed?"

"How old are you?" said Mr. Gooby.

"Just twelve," said Robert.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Gooby, "no, indeed, my son; you are not old enough."

"In a year, or two, or three," he added. "Attend the Sabbath School, regularly, and pray for a change of heart."

He did not wait for Rob's declaration that he could not attend the "Sabbath School," but was soon comfortably seated in Mrs. Jowler's carriage, and listening to her pleasant remark:

"What good advice you gave; so short and pithy, and so much to the point."

Mrs. Jowler was so much pleased that she told it at the dinner table, as a good story, and repeated it to all her friends at the sewing society, which met on Tuesday.

That afternoon Rob persuaded Ned to go to church and see the confirmation. The church was not as full as in the morning, and the Sexton showed them a pew.

There was something very gentle and earnest about the Bishop of Dorchester, and even Ned said he was a "real nice man." Both the boys were much impressed by the solemn service, and walked home, arm in arm. All Ned said, was:

"It must be jolly to be good; but there's no use trying," and he whistled ferociously.

CHAPTER III.

The Dorchester Polytechnic Academy is presided over by Nehemiah Neverasole, LL. D., assisted by a corps of competent teachers. The Academy is a four-story, brick building, with two wings. In one wing, Dr. Neverasole resides with his family, consisting of Mrs. Neverasole and Miss Mehitabel, his only child. In the other wing, lives Professor Poggers, the Professor of Mathematics. There is also a teacher of Natural Sciences, Professor Goshkins, A. M., La Tombe, teacher of Gymnastics, and Edward Whoony, B. A., teacher of Latin and Greek—and others whose names need not be mentioned. The grounds are about five acres in extent. In front, there is a pretty lawn with ornamental trees, and the fence is neat, with a stone gate.

In the rear, where company do not go, the boys reign supreme. There is a good deal of broken glass in the windows, and the out-houses are full of inscriptions, and greatly hacked and hewed with knives. Boy's names are carved everywhere, and in the places where the teachers do not frequently visit, Dr. Neverasole appears to the view in every variety of costume, and in every position which a lively imagination could suggest. Whatever shape he takes, however, there is always a certain dignity and majesty about the Doctor; but poor Mr. Whoony is subjected to every ignominy which boyish art can suggest. The reason why, will appear by-and-by.

On the morning of Monday, the day after the Sunday mentioned in the last chapter, Mrs. Neverasole and Miss Mehitabel, breakfast being over, were conjointly washing up the breakfast things. The Doctor was seated at a small desk, getting letters ready for the post, and waiting for the school bell to ring for morning exercises. A carriage was heard driving on the gravelled road, in front, and Mrs. and Miss Neverasole moved to the window, to reconnoitre.

"My dear," said Mrs. Neverasole, "it is two new boys."

"Now, father, remember," said Miss Mehitable, "you told me, if two new ones came, this term, I should have a new silk dress."

"Run, Hetty!" said Mrs. Neverasole, "they are coming here; the parlor is upside down, and that Betsey is showing them into the dining-room."

"Sit down!" said the Doctor to his wife, "and take up your sewing; it looks domestic."

As he spoke, the Doctor seized a ponderous tome, and began diligently reading, as a knock at the door announced the arrival.

"Come in!" said the Doctor.

In came Mr. Stebbins, and, following him, Edward Stebbins and Robert Graham. The Doctor looked up with an abstracted glance, as though with difficulty his mind had been withdrawn from the book he was reading, and with a start of apparent surprise rose and extended his hand, saying—"How do you do, Mr. Stebbins? You are welcome to the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy."

"I have brought with me my son, Edward Stebbins, and my nephew, Robert Graham."

Dr. Neverasole smiled, in a fatherly way, on the two

boys, and patted them on the head. "Take a seat, Mr. Stebbins."

They all sat down. At this, Mrs. Neverasole sighed audibly; the sigh seemed to say—"lovely boys—good Mrs. Neverasole—what a shame it is, they should not know me?" So the Doctor understood it immediately, and introduced Mr. Stebbins and the boys to his wife. From over her sewing, Mrs. Neverasole inspected the boys, from head to foot. A sort of look, about Edward Stebbins, the better cut of his clothes, and a generally young-manish appearanee, made her say to herself, "The nephew is supported by charity, and is green." Externally she only sighed, and the sigh seemed to say—"My heart swells with interest for these youths; I will be a mother to them!" Ned, however, who was not to be disturbed by any circumstances or surroundings, only whispered to Rob—"Have you got any pepper-mint drops?"

"Yes," said Rob, feeling in his pocket for a little paper that Ned had treated him to, on the way out.

"Hand them to the old lady," said Ned, "She's got an awful stomach-ache."

Rob, who had himself experienced the good effects of pepper-mint, when administered by the kind hand of Mrs. Dorothy, and without considering that Ned could scarcely, on so short an acquaintance, know the condition of Mrs. Neverasole's digestive organs, rose immediately, and offered the pepper-mint drops to Mrs. Neverasole. Mrs. Neverasole looked bewildered, but took one, with a smile, and another sigh.

"It is astonishing," said Dr. Neverasole, how soon boys take to her. She is a mother to them all."

"I hope you will soon be better," said Rob, a little con-

fused, and not knowing what to say. His confusion was increased by a stifled giggle, which proceeded from Ned. Mrs. Neverasole, who thought herself in delicate health, and was perpetually trying to convince the Doctor of the fact, and never could, and whose claims to a delicate constitution were not appreciated by her friends and acquaintances, in consequence of the redness of her face and a general healthiness of aspect, felt propitiated, and looked at the Doctor, as much as to say, "You see, even a stranger notices it." She leaned languidly upon her chair and said with another sigh—"It is general debility."

"Is it?" said Rob, offering her another drop, "green apples gave it to me, and once before, too many currants and goose-berries."

At this Ned could contain himself no longer, but rushed to the window, where, with his back to the rest of the company, he made a series of noises, which would have sounded like laughter, had they not ended in a severe fit of coughing.

"Come here, Rob," said Mr. Stebbins, a little harshly, and turned to the Doctor. "I have not much to say about the boys. Robert Graham, my nephew, has been under the charge of his Grandmother—brought up in a somewhat confined and narrow way—you will soon discover his defects."

"My own son—" and Mr. Stebbins' face warmed into interest—"is a boy of very peculiar disposition. He differs from any boy I ever heard of. At an early age, I had his head examined by Professor Howler, and he pronounced that there was a remarkable formation of bumps. Dr. Neverasole," said Mr. Stebbins, rising with great solemnity, "Professor Howler told me, and my own experience has confirmed it—Ned can be led, but he cannot be driven.

His instincts are good, and I have generally found it best to let him have his own way. His coming here to school is his own choice, entirely; he desires to improve. I suppose you use no coercion here?"

"Do you mean whipping?" said Dr. Neverasole.

"Yes, sir."

"Never," said Dr. Neverasole, "I am convinced that the degrading lash should never be applied to the corporeal frame of a freeman. When we punish for lighter offenses, we impose memoriter exercises, which make punishment improving, and for more serious offenses, we employ solitary confinement and bread and water."

"Far more proper than corporeal punishment," said Mr. Stebbins. "With respect to studying"—he went on, "I do not wish to dictate, but I am anxious that both the boys should be trained for the practical duties of life. The classics will be of no use to them; but Arithmetic and Natural Science, they should be well trained in."

"Exactly!" said Dr. Neverasole. "Professor Poggers is a man of world-wide celebrity, and Professor Goshkin's work on Chemistry, is familiar to every school-boy. Familiar lectures on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Mineralogy and Ethnology, are delivered twice a week, in the chapel, and once a week on general subjects, by Professor Gubbins, who is a perfect Encyclopedia. Thus, the minds of the boys are developed, expanded and refreshed, by a great variety of subjects, and without any effort, they become acquainted with the vast stores which modern science has accumulated."

"That's the kind of school I like," whispered Ned to Rob—"a school where you learn everything, without any trouble."

Just then, the door was thrown open, in no very gentle way, and a large woman, with an expression of countenance which seemed to imply that she was in a state of chronic opposition, to somebody or something, appeared to the view.

"Mrs. Jollipop," said Dr. Neverasole, in a propitiatory and reassuring way, "we have company. Mr. Stebbins, our excellent matron—Mrs. Jollipop."

Mrs. Jollipop did not heed Mr. Stebbins; she only looked at the boys, and her eye rested, for a moment, graciously on Rob, but on seeing Ned she muttered—"another on 'em!" and broke out—"Dr. Neverasole, them dormitories never can be cleaned up—the pillow cases is all in threads, and the sheets is all tied up in knots, and the mattresses is all thrown out of the winders, and sich lots of tobaccer, all over! I won't stand them boys, no more. They is not Christians at all, but Turkeys and Mahommetaneers, and there's little Billy Hubber, who daresent say his prayers no more, and your pattern boy, Mr. Thomas Durkey." She dwelt on the *Mr.*, with a peculiar emphasis. "If he ain't" —and she paused, as if to gather words to express her feelings—"if he ain't 'the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh,' then my name isn't Betsey Jollipop!"

She did not wait for an answer, but bounced out of the room again, and slammed the door. Dr. Neverasole looked a little confused, and Mrs. Neverasole retreated into the kitchen; but the Doctor soon recovered himself and said, "An excellent woman, is Mrs. Jollipop, and a capital nurse in sickness, and the boys are greatly attached to her; but a little high tempered, and sometimes forgets herself."

Mr. Stebbins rose from his seat and said politely: "I must hurry back to Dorchester. You must, of course, with so many boys, have things go wrong in your dormitories, sometimes. I have only one question further—Your school is, I understand, thoroughly unsectarian?"

"Thoroughly so," said Dr. Neverasole.

> "For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

"What do the boys do, on Sundays?"

"We have exercises, in the chapel, on Sabbath mornings. Ministers, of different denominations, officiate. Professor Poggers, who is a Unitarian minister, occasionally preaches. Mr. Gooby, of St. Bridget's, sometimes comes down, and Mr. Sever, who is a Methodist, comes once in three weeks. When we cannot get any clergyman, I myself read a lecture on the Conservation and Correlation of Forces, or some other instructive subject."

"Thank you," said Mr. Stebbins. "Good morning! Good-bye, boys." He gave them, each, a little shake of the hand.

"Good-bye, sir!" said Rob.

"Good-bye, Pop!" said Ned.—"I say, Pop," said Ned, as his father went out of the door, "give me ten dollars; I must have some money to spend for eatables. I guess," he added, in a whisper, "the grub here is not any great fixings."

Mr. Stebbins took out his pocket-book and handed Ned a note, and with another shake of the hand, walked out of the door, followed by Dr. Neverasole.

CHAPTER IV.

I pass over the first two months of the boys' residence at the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. Ned found out he had made a mistake about the grub, as he called it. The living was good, and the house well and carefully kept. It was on account of her singular abilities in this respect, that Dr. Neverasole bore with Mrs. Jollipop, who did not hesitate to express her mind about all sorts of things, and who lived in a chance state of opposition to Doctor Neverasole and most of the professors. Professor Poggers was her chief dislike, and she always designated him as "that Poggers." Once Doctor Neverasole had rebelled and dismissed Mrs. Jollipop, but things had gone so wrong, and the boys had made such a fuss, and the clothes, and dormitories, and kitchen, had got into such a state, that he had been glad to receive her back again, and her sway was undisputed. Mrs. Neverasole was her warm supporter, as she had no idea of renouncing the comforts and ease of her own wing, for the cares and labors of the main building, and she remembered, too well, how, in Mrs. Jollipop's absence, she had run here and there, and worked herself sick, in a vain effort to make things go. So, when Mrs. Jollipop broke out, Mrs. Neverasole always retired, and suppressed any inclinations Dr. Neverasole might, occasionally, feel for a change of ministry.

Miss Mehitabel, or Hetty, as she was called, who was a

forward, pretty girl of about sixteen, with whom all the boys were constantly in love, shared in the boy's admiration for Mrs. Jollipop, and was a frequent and constant visitor at the housekeeper's room.

It was an afternoon, in January. It had snowed all the night before, but the snow, in the morning, had turned into a soft, mild rain, so that there was nothing but slush; the boys had tried to snow-ball, but, except a few more adventurous ones, had gradually gone back, again, into the house. Some were in the Gymnasium, where Mr. La Tombe was instructing them in athletic sports; some were in a place they called the Retreat, which was a room of the Gymnasium; some, unfortunately, were in the school-room, where Mr. Whooney, whose duty it was to see that discipline was enforced, presided; and the older youth were about, in the bed-rooms of the bigger boys. The boys in the highest class, did not sleep in dormitories, but had bed-rooms to themselves, two in a room.

The room at the top of the second flight of stairs, was occupied by Thomas Durkey, who was generally accounted the best scholar and most promising boy in the school. He was Professor Pogger's favorite scholar. He had a great taste for mathematics, and his scientific knowledge, while not deep, was at least showy. He had a good memory and easily learned the various facts he heard in the lectures, and could talk, as the boys said, as well as old Gubbins. He expected to leave the school, at the end of the present year, and was allowed more liberties than most of the boys. Especially, he could go into Dorchester, occasionally, and this, and plenty of money, which he always seemed to have at his command, made him exceedingly popular.

"I don't know where he gets his money," said Jerry

Guffins, one day, to Ned. "My father says his father isn't rich."

"Isn't his Aunt Jemima?" said Ned. "I heard him say so, once. She is awful rich, and is going to leave him all her property, when she dies. She sends him lots of money, and pays all his bills."

This afternoon, Thomas Durkey was seated in his study, surrounded by several of his friends.

Thomas was a tall, straight, well-formed youth, of good figure and graceful carriage. He was well and tastefully dressed, and had pleasant, gentlemanly manners. There was nothing coarse or sensual in his face; on the contrary, there was a decidedly intellectual look about him. Almost any one, in looking at him, would have said, "what a fine young fellow; *there* is manliness, and honor, and frankness!"

Perhaps, a more careful observer might have disliked a certain look about the face, when in repose, and the manner in which the eye avoided another's—but only a careful observer would have noticed it.

Dr. Neverasole introduced him to all their visitors—Professor Poggers called him up to recite, whenever there was any company present. Occasionally Professor Goshkins referred to him, and he once corrected Professor Gubbins, in one of his lectures. The boys followed him, and imitated, and did what he said, and in the expressive language in use in the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, declared that he was a "hunkey fellow."

On the stove, in Durkey's room, was a stew of oysters, sending out a savory smell; on the table, in six saucers, were oysters, raw; a salt cellar, elaborately carved out of a block of wood, and an ancient pepper box, with a vinegar cruet and some forks, made up the furniture of the table,

placed before the stove. Durkey, with a whiskey bottle in his hand, was pouring into two glasses, a little whiskey. The boys in the room were, Jerry Guffins, an old scholar, and an old acquaintance of Ned's, Ned himself, who was full of jokes, and had become a prime favorite, the more so, that he was ready for any kind of mischief; Henry, or as the boys called him, Sandy Whiffles; Jack Popkins and Edward Bolmer.

Sandy Whiffles had derived his name from the color of his hair; sometimes, too, the boys called him "Cravat," from his peculiar taste in that article of dress. Sandy was always in love with some girl or other—sometimes in the neighborhood, sometimes in Dorchester; and the number and frequency of his letters, was a continued wonder to the clerk of the little post-office at Hubville, the village hard by. Every day or two, he appeared in a new cravat, of the most extraordinary appearance—green, red and yellow being the favorite colors. He wore, on his ring finger, three rings, one of gold, another of whalebone, and a third —about the composition of which there was much dispute —a large green stone, which Sandy declared was Emerald, and Popkins asserted was glass, being the subject of discussion. A huge breastpin, also, which purported to be a diamond of the first water, set off a shirt, which was not as white as one could have wished.

Popkins was a big, burly, coarse, red-faced fellow, whose appetite was monstrous, and who was inclined to tease Sandy about his jewelry, and his lady loves.

Bolmer sat a little ways from the table, half joining in the conversation, but with a look on his face, as it he did not altogether approve. He declined the whiskey, when

Durkey offered it to him, and pushed his chair a little further from the table.

Bolmer was thought, by some of the boys, to be superior to Durkey, but he was a youth who seemed to care very little for praise, or standing first, and in an easy tempered way, let Durkey take all the honors, such as they were. He did not hesitate to speak out his mind, and was the only boy in the school who had any real influence over Durkey. In his heart, Durkey knew this, and struggled between the respect he felt for him, and the dislike he felt at his power over him.

As Bolmer refused the whiskey, a shade passed over Durkey's face, but he said nothing. Now, the boys drew their chairs nearer the fire. Popkins' face, as he drank the whiskey, looked like some animal's, so coarse and brutish was the expression.

"I say, Sandy, didn't I give it to old Whiney, in class, this morning?"

Whiney was the name by which Mr. Whooney was popularly known.

"Yes, that you did!" said Sandy.

"Think of his impudence in expecting me to decline a noun of the fourth declension! Does he think that I am going to spend my time on his old Latin and Greek grammar?"

"What did you tell him?" said Durkey, looking up, with a peculiar smile.

"I told him he was an ass."

"What did he say?" asked Guffins.

"Oh, nothing; what could he? He knew well enough old Neverasole wouldn't say a word to me for not studying classics; so long as you get your lessons to Poggers or

Goshkins, and don't go to sleep in the lectures, you're all right, in this school. I guess that's the reason he has such a fellow as Whiney to teach the classics."

"I'll tell you something about Whiney," said Durkey, in a quiet tone of voice. "He's got lots of tin."

"How do you know?" they all said in a breath.

"He's such a bloody old Englishman, that he's afraid to trust his money in the Dorchester Banks, so he keeps it up in his room."

"Did you see it?"

Durkey did not answer the question, but went and looked out of the window. Mr. Whooney's room was on the same floor as his own, but at the other end of the hall; the window looked out to the rear of the building as his own did; There was a scraggy pear tree, which was just in front of Mr. Whooney's window, and in summer, shaded it.

"If a fellow was to climb up that pear tree, at ten o'clock, and Whooney's curtain was up, as it is half the time, I guess you could see him counting the money, some night."

"What a jolly row it would be," said Jerry Guffins, "to hook his money some time, and see how the old thing would take it."

Ned had followed Durkey to the window.

"I'd as lieve shin up that tree as not, and I guess I'll do it, some night."

"You daren't do it," said Durkey.

"Daren't!" said Ned; "I guess there's not many things I don't dare to do."

"To-morrow's your day, then," said Durkey, "for I happen to know that Neverasole pays the teachers their quarter's salary to-morrow afternoon, and I bet a sixpence,

he counts over his cash to-morrow night, when he goes to bed. He has to keep study all the evening, and can't do it before."

"Pooh!" said Bolmer, "can't you leave Whooney alone? It seems to me, if any body had the heart of a cat, they would leave that man alone. Dr. Neverasole snubs him, and Poggers snubs him, and Goshkins laughs at him, and Gubbins mocks him; and the boys—there ain't two in the whole school that treats him any better than if he were a dog. I say it's mean."

"That's because you like Latin and Greek, and can translate like sixty," said Jerry.

"I'll pay Whiney, for getting me shut up three days, on bread and water," said Popkins.

At this, Whiffles laughed a little.

"You needn't laugh," said Popkins; "I guess Whiney didn't tell Abraham Jones, Esq., down in Dorchester, that you were writing letters to his Polly Maria; and I guess you didn't get a letter from old Abraham, enclosing your last, and declining the honor of any further correspondence."

"Anyhow," answered Whiffles, "I didn't get drunk, down in Hubville, and be brought home, by old Whiney and two policemen."

Popkins' face flushed up; "I'll pay him for it, too."

Just then, Durkey interrupted the conversation: "What's the story about Jollipop's going into the dormitory, and saying Billy Hubbers shouldn't be teased?"

"Yes," said Popkin's, "Jollipop had better mind her own business, and leave the dormitory alone."

Popkins, although a big boy, was not in the highest class, and still slept in the dormitory. He ruled the dormi-

tory, with a rod of iron, and allowed and encouraged all the rows which went on there, unless he happened to be very sleepy, and then he made everybody keep quiet. It was this, which added to his spite against Mr. Whooney, because it was his duty to keep order in the dormitory, and, in doing so, he had frequently been the means of bringing Popkins to punishment.

Poor Mr. Whooney! he was born at Lichfield, in England, and was a graduate at Oxford. He had inherited a small property, and had come to America with a vain idea that he should make his fortune. A young woman in Lichfield, a daughter of one of the Cathedral clergy, had won his heart, and the poor soul had thought that, in five years, he could return, rich as Crœsus, and live in peace and plenty all the rest of his days. Lucy had vainly tried to persuade him, that they could live happily enough on a little, but he had not been satisfied.

His speculations in Dorchester had not been successful; by the failure of the firm of Hoblens, Snubbers & Co., he had lost a part of his property; some more had gone when the Atlantic Bank broke; his share in the Nova Scotia gold mines, kept going down, instead of going up; and after three years in Dorchester, he found himrelf almost penniless. Then he had fallen back upon his university education, and had accepted the place of classical teacher, in the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. The salary was good, but he labored under the difficulty that Dr. Neverasole did not think that classical training was of any special value, except for persons intending to study for some profession; the school was scientific, and commercial, and practical, as the doctor constantly asserted; still he kept a classical master, because some of the boys did want to go to college,

and some people retained the old fashioned notion, that it was good mental training, after all, to study Latin and Greek.

His misfortunes had broken down his natural force of character, and he had not sufficient vigor and energy to compel respect and attention. Gentle and quiet by nature, unaccustomed to rude and untrained boys, conscientiously trying to do his duty, yet unable to do it properly, he was just in that weak and unprotected condition, which would have excited compassion in any other community than the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. There, it only provoked wrath from the Doctor, and persecution from the boys.

Two things kept poor Mr. Whooney alive—his weekly letter by the steamer, with the post-mark Lichfield, and the foreign stamp, which he kindly gave to the little boys, one by one; and Mrs. Jollipop's unwavering attachment. She stood up for him. Many was the little delicacy that found its way to his room. It was she who sewed on his shirt buttons, and mended his stockings, and sewed up the rips in his coat. It was she who warned him of impending tricks, and scolded the boys, when they were impudent; and, but for the letters, and Mrs. Jollipop, and the hope of one day going back to Lichfield, Mr. Whooney would, I dare say, have died.

He had a little cough, as it was, and his hair had grown thin, on the top of his head, with, here and there, a white thread in it; but he was saving up his salary, and while now, he did not hope to be rich, one day he thought he might get back to Lichfield, and marry Lucy, and live as he might have lived, had he never left there. Lucy was not pretty, and had no great charms to recommend her. Indeed, Mrs. Jollipop, who had seen her photograph, said

to Miss Hetty, that she was a skinny looking thing; but she loved Mr. Whooney, and he loved her, and every day in the service, in the Cathedral, she remembered him in her prayers, as he did her, in his room at night.

Miss Hetty, who had read all the new novels, had a tender feeling, herself, for Mr. Whooney, as a faithful lover, and probably helped Mrs. Jollipop in sewing on his buttons; a feeling which was the warmer, that Mrs. Neverasole, having once detected something in her tone of speaking of Mr. Whooney, which seemed a little tender, had accused her of something of the kind.

But we must return to Durkey's room.

"Yes," said Popkins, "just as we were having a good time, teazing Hubbers, who *will* kneel down and say his prayers, in came Jollipop. How she did talk! and she sat there till Hubbers got through. I'd have given it back to her, but for one thing."

"What is that?" said Whiffles.

"She's got some awful good jelly and stuff in her room, and I've got my eye on it, for a bite."

"Yes," said Sandy, "You had better keep on the blind side of old Jollipop, if you want good eating; she's a buster, in the way of victuals."

"I guess," said Popkins, "we've got two spooneys, in the Dormitory, now, for they've moved that Rob. Graham in to-day, and he's just such another as little Hubbers, only he's bigger. Ain't he some kind of relation of yours, Ned Stebbins?"

"Yes, he's my cousin, and he isn't a spooney, though he's awful good."

"Is that the fellow that made you go to Church, one Sunday, in Dorchester?" said Guffins.

"Yes," said Ned, shortly.

"Well!" said Popkins, "I'm head of that Dormitory, and I don't care for Jollipop, or Whooney, or all the spooneys in creation; things shall go on all right, there."

Just then, the bell rang for tea, and the boys separated. As they passed out of the room, Durkey called Ned back again.

"Were you serious, about climbing up the pear tree?"

"Yes, I was," said Ned.

"Let me know what you see inside; will you?"

"Yes, old fellow."

They shook hands, and Ned ran down stairs.

That night, when the boys went up to bed, no sooner did Popkins get inside, than he took a key from his pocket, and locked the door.

"Now, fellows," said he, "lets have a high old time! Whooney can't get in, and Jollipop's gone down to Hubville."

This was answered by a general scream for Mr. Whooney. They did not care about him; and Mrs. Jollipop, about whom they did, was away. Dr. Neverasole was too far off, to hear any noise, and rarely came around.

Straightway commenced a pillow fight, of the most formidable proportions. One side of the Dormitory, was led by Ned Stebbins; the other side, by Jerry Guffins. Popkins ensconced himself on two chairs, away from the combatants, and commenced smoking a pipe and reading a yellow-covered book. Now, victory crowned the side of Guffins; now, that of Ned; at one time Jerry and his boys were driven into a corner, and almost pounded to exhaustion, by the other party; at another, Ned was compelled to cry, "stop!" being knocked down by a monstrous bolster.

One by one, however, the boys stopped playing, and sank down on their separate beds, and began kicking off their boots. This proceeding was interrupted by an occasional tossing about of these articles of apparel, but when this was through, they were soon ready for bed. It was curious to see how large a proportion of what they wore in the day time, many of them would carry to bed with them.

The Dormitory grew quieter, and one or two of the boys had dropped off to sleep, when Popkins laid down his pipe, and called out in a loud voice:

"Where's that Hubbers?"

His bed was empty, and no body had touched his pillow.

"He was here, a little while ago," said Copsey, the boy who slept next to him.

"Find him. then, some of you," said Popkins.

They looked all around, but he was not to be found; at last one of the boys detected a foot sticking out, from underneath Hubbers' bed.

"Here he is!" called out Guffins, and in a moment more, they were pulling Hubbers out from under the bed, where he had crept in the pillow fight, and had fallen asleep. They pulled him forward to Popkins, rubbing his eyes, and not quite awake, even yet.

"I say," said Popkins, assuming a judicial aspect, and looking at him as he had seen Dr. Neverasole look at himself, "you understand Mrs. Jollipop isn't master here, nor Whiney either; the boys mind me; don't you fellows?"

"Yes," said several.

"It's owing to me, that there is a supper, once a month, up here, and pillow fights, and lots of things. Ain't it, fellows?"

"Yes," said several, again.

"Now, Hubbers, you are young, and are here to be educated. What's the good for you to be setting up to be better than the rest of us, and poking down and saying your prayers every night? It's as much as to say that none of the rest of us are respectable fellows. It's all very well for the women and gals, but no boys, in this Dormitory, ever have done so, or ever shall, as long as my name's Popkins."

The boys, who had gathered around, clapped their hands at this, which was the most eloquent speech Popkins had ever been known to make.

Hubbers stood looking on, bewildered. He was a little fellow, with a quiet, gentle face. He did not say anything, and nothing seemed expected. Popkins had spoken, and the matter was decided.

Copsey whispered to Hubbers:

"I say, Bill, you had better get into bed, to-night, quick, and you can speak to Aunt Jollipop to-morrow."

A tear came into Hubbers' eye, and he only answered:

"I promised my mother."

Popkins took up his pipe again, and began to read. Every now and then, however, he cast a glance over at Hubbers.

Not far from Hubbers, sat Rob Graham, whose first night it was in the Dormitory, as, owing to the Dormitory being full, he had been, before, in a room by himself. He had listened to Popkin's speech, and now sat looking at Hubbers. He got up from his bed, and went over to Hubbers' bed.

"Never mind," he said; "wait a minute or two, till the

Dormitory gets quiet. I am going to say mine, and you can say them with me."

The boy looked at him, with a glance of wonder.

"Ain't you afraid to?" he whispered. "Copsey would say his, if he wasn't afraid to; he always used to, when he was at home."

"No," said Rob, "I don't think I am!"

In a moment or two more, Rob knelt down by the side of his bed, and, Hubbers seeing him do so, knelt down by his.

For a moment, Popkins could not believe his eyes; it was actual rebellion. He was so taken back by it, and by the quiet way in which it was done, that he would have made believe he had not seen it, if Jerry Guffins had not called:

"I say, Popkins, righteousness is on the increase; there's two on 'em now!"

In a moment more, Popkins had marched across the floor, seized Hubbers by the nape of the neck, and pulled him over on to the floor. He marched over, and was about to do the same to Rob, when Rob, who had already been disturbed by Hubbers' disaster, jumped up from his knees, and confronted Popkins, with a quiet look on his face, which abashed him.

"Take that!" said Popkins, hitting a blow at Rob's face.

As he struck, Rob dexterously leaped over the bed, and Popkins, who had lost his temper, having hit out very violently, fell flat on his face, and coming in contact with the leg of the iron bedstead, bruised his nose considerably. At this Guffins laughed, and several of the smaller boys,

who hated Popkins, but were generally afraid to show it, screamed derisively.

The screams, however, were hushed, and all the little boys looked as if they hadn't screamed, when Popkins arose from the floor. He stood on one side of the bed, and Rob on the other. The boys had jumped out of their beds, and, in every variety of costume, were grouped around.

"Now, you'll have to take it, my young man!" said Popkins.

Rob stood his ground, calmly, his arms folded, and his eye fixed full on Popkins' face. It seemed, somehow, to have a subduing effect on Popkins, that calm, unwavering glance; he did not dare to look back at Rob.

"Popkins," said Rob—the voice was low, but it was so clear and distinct, and had such a force in it, that the clamor was hushed, and Popkins paused, in the very act of leaping over the bed—"how do you dare to try to stop the boys from saying their prayers?"

"Dare, dare!" said Popkins, his face flushing a deeper crimson; "Dare, dare! What do you think I am afraid of? Is it Whooney?"

"No."

"Is it Jollipop?"

"No."

"Is it Neverasole?"

"No."

"Is it you, or Hubbers?"

"No."

"What, then?"

There was that in Rob's look and voice, which commanded attention, as he answered, "Almighty God."

The reverent voice, the sound of the awful and blessed name, so rarely heard by them, except as an oath, fell on the ears of the boys, and struck some hidden chord in their hearts, and subdued even Popkins.

Rob's eye gleamed, his voice grew loud and clear, his cheek flushed.

"I tell you what it is, you may not pray yourself—more's the pity—but you'd better take care how you try and stop others. Hubbers and I may not be as strong as you; you may beat us, and pound us; more would be the shame; but look out, God takes care of children!"

What Rob said, frightened Popkins. If he had said anything about telling Dr. Neverasole, or anybody—if he had threatened to fight him, or have done anything earthly, Popkins would have sprung at him; but that awful name, that invisible justice, struck a strange terror into Popkins' heart. He looked at the other boys, as if to gather courage, but some of the boys had crept off to bed, and Guffins, with an altered tone of voice, said, "better leave 'em alone, Popkins," and Popkins with a vain attempt to look blustering, walked away to his chair, and presently tossed down the yellow-covered book, and crept off to bed. The boys knelt down and said their prayers, and Copsey got out of bed and did the same, too, every now and then, in the midst of "Our Father," looking up, and stealing a glance at the conquered, though still terrible, Popkins.

The next morning, after breakfast, Ned said to Rob, "I say, Rob, that was real plucky, last night, in you; how you did scare old Popkins. I thought he'd have knocked you down, and I took his side all the time, but when you said what you did, I had a great mind to say my prayers, too."

"Why didn't you?"

Ned only answered, by another question: "What's the good of saying prayers, anyhow?"

Rob was a little puzzled; he was not accustomed to give reasons, so he stood bothered, for a moment—"You need God and the angels to take care of you, I think, and when you've done wrong, you need to be forgiven."

"I get along first rate," said Ned, "and I feel pretty jolly, generally, except when I get scared, as I did that other night; there's only one thing that troubles me."

"What's that?"

"I always keep doing lots of things, I know I oughtn't to do; there's a thing I am going to do to-night, I guess I'd better not do. I think I won't, and then I think I will; and then I think I won't, and so on, and, generally, the won't, or will, which is on the wrong side, gets the best of it."

"I wouldn't do it," said Rob, "if its wrong," and then his face brightened, with a new thought: "I guess that's another good of prayer, that it gets you help to do right."

There was a sad, serious expression, on Ned's countenance, which made him look five years older than Rob; indeed, there was a positively worn, and anxious expression, about his chalky face, but, in a moment, every trace of seriousness was gone, and he rushed away, at the sight of Jerry Guffins, and at his loud call—"Come along, Ned, the boys have found a rat, out in the back yard!"

Every now and then, through the day, the thought kept coming over Rob, in the midst of his lessons, and at his play—"What is Ned going to do?" In the course of the afternoon, he asked Ned what it was, but Ned's mood had changed, and he answered sharply enough—"None of your business!"

Everything went on as usual, and at night, the boys went up to the Dormitory. Popkins did not say anything about prayers, but, when Rob bade him good night, only said "don't speak to me, you little sniveler, that's all."

Rob lay awake for awhile, thinking about Ned, whose bed was a little ways from his. The lamp was put out early, and the voices died away, one by one.

"Wasn't that a jolly, big rat?" said Guffins, to somebody, but he was only answered by a half sigh.

The silence was only broken by a boy's throwing a boot at Billy Sniffles, whose tonsils were swollen, and who snored like a steam engine. Now and then, a boy tossed his arms about, and muttered something about his play, or his lessons. Rob had just fallen into a light sleep, when he was aroused by a slight noise—it sounded like someone stumbling over a pair of boots; he sat up in bed, and looked around, but it was so dark, he could see nothing; there was a faint gleam, however, in the distance, which showed that the Dormitory door had been opened.

Rob got up from his bed, and crept over to Ned's. He put his hand on the pillow, and then on the bed-clothes, but Ned was not there. He waited ten minutes, as near as he could tell, but no Ned returned. Then he thought he would get back to bed. It was cold, in the Dormitory, and he could not help shivering. Just as he was creeping into bed, he remembered what his grandmother had told him, and he got up again, and, slipping on his pantaloons, moved over to the Dormitory window. There was a little snow on the ground, and the stars were shining bright. From Mr. Whooney's window, a bright gleam shone out upon the darkness, which shewed that his curtain was up.

"In a moment more, Rob had crept down stairs, and

knocked at Mr. Whooney's door. There was a pause, and then a sound like the shutting of a drawer, and Mr. Whooney's sharp voice said, "Who's there?"

"Can I leave the Dormitory for a few moments?"

"Yes," said Mr. Whooney, and in a moment more, Rob had bounded down stairs. As he passed Durkey's door, the door opened, and some one looked out. Fearful of being discovered, Rob rushed hastily on; he looked all round outside, but could see nothing. Ned was nowhere visible. Had he looked up, however, he might have seen him, almost over his head, safely perched on the bough of a tree, staring, with all his might, into Mr. Whooney's window; he saw Rob, although he could not tell who he was. Rob went round to the front of the house, and back again, and then went out to the Gymnasium; then he went out to the road, but could see nothing of Ned. He went up stairs, going softly, to make no noise, but, as he passed Durkey's door, it was suddenly opened, and Durkey grasped him tightly by the arm. "What are you doing out of doors, to-night?" said Durkey, his face slightly pale and his brow scowling.

"I had leave," said Rob, "from Mr. Whooney."

"I don't care for your leave," said Durkey, and then checking himself—"Is anybody else out of the Dormitory?"

Rob looked up, rather wondering at his question, and said, "Yes, I believe Ned is; I went out to see where he went."

"Did you see him?"

"No; I couldn't find him."

Durkey's brow relaxed, and he said, "You had better get up to bed, for if old Neverasole catches you, you'll get no end of bread and water, for one while."

Glad to be released, Rob hurried on, and just as he opened the door of the Dormitory, he came full on Dr. Neverasole, in dressing-gown and slippers, and with a lantern in his hand.

"Ha-ha," said the Doctor, "Now we have you!" and he shook him by the arm. "You are the boy, are you, who goes prowling around, at night; you are the boy that creeps out into the yard, when the innocent and good are wrapped in slumber?"

"I had leave," said Rob.

"Leave!" said Dr. Neverasole; "who gave it to you?"

"Mr. Whooney."

The Doctor looked cross; he was disappointed, apparently, at the loss of his case of discipline. He was, perhaps, a little more angry, that he had lost any cause to to be angry. "Making me leave my study, at this time of night—Whooney ought to be more careful." Then, boiling over, he said, in a loud tone of voice, giving Rob a shake, "Whooney, or no Whooney, don't let me catch you out, again!"

Glad to be let off so easily, Rob went into the Dormitory. As he passed by Ned's bed, he perceived that he was there, and was soon, himself, fast asleep.

It was during play hour, the next afternoon, that Durkey found Ned in the "retreat," and pulling him off, one side, asked, in a whisper, "What did you see, up the pear tree?"

"How do you know I was out?" said Ned.

"Oh, never mind that. I can hear a fellow go down stairs, at night, I guess, if I'm not asleep. What did you see; was the curtain up?"

"Yes, the curtain was up; I saw lots."

"Come to my room," said Durkey; "I've got some first rate canned peaches, I bought in Hubville; come along!"

Presently, Ned was seated before Durkey's stove, eating peaches, and Durkey sitting opposite him, and his face shaded by his hand. "What did you see?"

"Whooney sat at his table, reading a letter; then he took out a case, which looked like a daguerreotype, and"—here, Ned blushed, ever so little—"he kissed it?"

"The fool!" interrupted Durkey.

"He kissed it, lots of times," said Ned, who evidently felt that this was a most important circumstance.

"Never mind," said Durkey, "about that kissing. What did he do, then?"

"I don't know; I did'nt see."

"Didn't see! Where were your eyes?"

"Well, somehow, it made me feel bad, and I felt like coming down?"

"I hope you weren't such a goose, as to come down?"

"No," said Ned, "when I looked again, the old fellow had gone to a drawer in a bureau—"

Durkey gave a little start. "Which drawer?" he said hastily.

"The second, I think, from the top, and he pulled out a couple of bags; one he put back again, and the other he opened."

"Was it money?" said Durkey.

"Yes," said Ned, "and he dropped a little on the floor, and they were—I'm sure—five dollar gold pieces; he must be awful rich."

Durkey sat listening, and said nothing. Ned went on: "He took out of his pocket, some more money, and

counted it, and put it into the bag, and then he locked it up in the drawer, and put the key in his vest pocket."

Durkey drew his chair nearer to Ned. "Guffins is a first-rate fellow," he said.

"Yes," said Ned, not seeing the connection. "Jerry's a bully old boy."

"He's up to all sorts of fun," said Durkey. "What a funny idea that was, of his, to hook old Whiney's money, for a few days, just to see how he would take it!"

"He's such a miser, that it would be jolly enough to see what a state he'd be in; how he would howl and tear, and then, just as the matter got to the worst, why, we could slip it back, again, and it would be all right. I guess the boys wouldn't have any Latin or Greek lessons, for a week or two. Still," said Durkey, "there ain't any boy in this school that's got pluck enough, and wit enough, to do it. Jerry'd back out, at the last. There was a fellow here, once, by the name of Billy Edgar—he's a passed midshipman in the navy now—and he was up to all sorts of tricks. What a time we had, when he stole old Jollipop's spectacles! And one day, when everybody was looking for them, in walked the cat, into chapel, with the spectacles tied onto her nose, shaking her head, and mewing, like all get out. Old Mr. Howler stopped, in the midst of his sermon on the Prodigal Son, and there was a row."

"It would be easy enough to steal Aunt Jollipop's spectacles; but to get into Whooney's room, would be another matter," said Ned.

"I've got a key," said Durkey, "which will unlock Whooney's door, and he sleeps like sixty; you can hear him snore any night, with the door shut. With my bulls-eye, it would be easy enough to see, after a fellow had got in.

I've a great mind to put Jerry Guffins up to doing it; there'd be no end of fun."

Ned sat silent, for a moment; then he started up from his chair, and said, as if answering himself, "What's the use of being afraid; I'll do it, anyhow."

Durkey stood up, too, with a look of admiration on his face.

"Billy Bumble-eye was a ——— to you. Come to my room, to-night, after the fellows are in bed, and don't say a word to anybody."

"All right," said Ned.

"Mum's the word."

Ned avoided Rob, the rest of the day. After tea, he generally went and sat by him, and talked, in the school-room, but, this evening, he did not do so.

At recess, Guffins said to Popkins, "Who was that queer looking cuss, who was round just before supper, asking for Durkey?"

"Don't you know him?" said Popkins.

"No; who is he?"

Popkins gave a whistle, and whispered something to Guffins.

After the boys were in bed, Rob lay awake again, wondering if Ned would go out again; he kept his eyes fixed on his bed, and, as far as the darkness would permit, tried to see if he was awake. Ned did not stir. At last, just as Rob had made up his mind to go to sleep, he saw Ned get out of bed; he himself did the same, and going over to Ned's bed, seized him by the hand, and in a low, impassioned voice, said:

"Ned, please don't go; I know it's for something wrong; that's what you meant the other day?"

Ned, angrily, pulled his hand away. "What business is it, of yours, what I do?"

"Ned," said Rob, unheeding the anger expressed in his voice, "please don't go."

"Don't bother," said Ned; "go to bed—you'll wake up the boys."

"You won't go then," said Rob.

"I won't go out of doors, to-night," answered Ned. "Will that do?"

"Thank you," said Rob; "I always knew you were a first rate fellow, down at the bottom."

Poor Ned; he kept saying to himself, "it isn't a lie; I am not going out of doors;" but conscience kept answering, "it is a lie; it is a lie."

Rob went back to his bed, his heart lightened of a load, and in a moment or two, was half asleep. Something roused him; he did not know what; he jumped from his bed and went over, again, to Ned. Ned was gone. It was a lie, then, that Ned had told him; he would not have thought that of him, at any rate; what should he do?" Dr. Neverasole had said he must not go out of the Dormitory; but, perhaps, if he could find Ned, he might yet persuade him to stop. Suddenly, it flashed upon him, that he might go to Dr. Neverasole's study—he could not be in bed yet—and ask his permission; he did not consider that Dr. Neverasole would ask what he wanted to go out for, and then he would have nothing to say, unless he told of Ned, which, of course, he could not do. But he did not stop to reason; he slipped on his clothes, and hurried out of the Dormitory, not minding a loud "who's there?" from Popkins.

He rushed down stairs; went out of the front door, and was on the side-walk which led to the wing. In the darkness, he ran into somebody.

"Is that you, Ned?" he said.

A hand grasped him, roughly, by the arm, and he was drawn along, in no gentle manner. He was pulled into the front door of the wing, and into the bright light of the parlor, before Mrs. Neverasole and Miss Hetty, who were sitting at a table, and, holden off at arm's length, was gazed at by the stern eyes of Dr. Neverasole.

What, between the dazzling light, and Dr. Neverasole, and the half dressed condition he was in, he felt guilty enough.

"Robert Graham?" (interrogatively.)

"Yes, sir."

"Robert Graham!" (with astonishment.)

"I—I—I—I."

"Robert Graham!" (with authority.)

"Yes, sir."

"I found you out of your Dormitory, last night; I told you not to go out again; I find you out to-night. What does it mean? What have you to say for yourself?"

"I came out to ask your leave to go out."

"My leave, indeed! A pretty story, that."

Dr. Neverasole looked at him, still more harshly.

"You came out for no good. It is now"—and the Doctor drew out his handsome watch—"a quarter to eleven. You have been out for no good. I ask you, sir, why you came out?"

"I came down," said Rob, "to ask for your leave to go out; indeed, I did."

"You tell a falsehood, sir!" said the Doctor.

The blood flushed into Rob's cheek, the tears gathered in his eyes, but he said nothing. What was, really, only the burning blush of innocence, seemed, to the Doctor, the blush of guilt. So, he took Robert by the arm, and led him through the door which connected the wing with the main building, and which was only used by the family; up, past Mrs. Jollipop's, down to a little room, which was popularly known as the jail. The Doctor opened the door; there was nothing in the room, but a poorly furnished bed, a single chair and a table; the window was grated, and it seemed like a cell in a penitentiary.

"Sit down there, and remember what a dreadful thing it is to lie!"

He closed the door, and all was still. Rob heard his retreating footsteps; he heard the wing door close, in the distance; he then threw himself on the bed, and burst into passionate sobs.

He was a thoroughly truthful boy, and to be accused of lying, seemed a terrible injustice. Now, he was in the jail; he was disgraced; how it would grieve his grandmother, if she heard of it. So, he sobbed more and more, till, suddenly, he remembered a passage in the Bible, which Mrs. Dorothy had once told him, when he thought he had been punished unjustly, "For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently; but, if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, yet take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." So, after a while, he knelt down and prayed to God, and especially for Ned, and then fell asleep.

When the Doctor got down stairs, he only said to his wife and daughter, "That is a dreadful boy, and what an outrageous lie!"

"Fearful!" said Mrs. Neverasole; "but I tell you what it is, deary, you see through them. Don't he, Hetty."

Miss Hetty's face grew very red, and she spoke out:

"I will speak, ma, if I burst afterwards and become a ghost. I don't believe that boy told a lie, at all. Mrs. Jollipop says he's real good, and I'm sure he is; you can see it in his face."

"Hetty," said Dr. Neverasole, "it is eleven o'clock and five minutes; go to bed."

Eleven o'clock and five minutes!" said Mrs. Neverasole; "who would have thought it could be so late?"

The next day, all day long, Rob was kept confined in the jail. At breakfast, dinner and tea, a servant brought him bread and water, and immediately left, and locked the door.

That evening, Mrs. Jollipop was seated in her comfortable room, in a large, easy chair. A most comfortable room, was Mrs. Jollipop's—all round were presses and closets, full of jellies, pickles, preserves, and all sorts of good things. The boys liked Mrs. Jollipop's room, immensely—she always treated them to something, and was so popular, that she was obliged to refuse admission, constantly, or the room would have been full of boys, all the time. Indeed, holiday evenings, it always was so. This evening, was a study evening, however, and all was quiet. The cat purred on the rug, before the fire; the tea-kettle sent forth its musical sound, and Mrs. Jollipop looked as comfortable as possible. On the other side of the table, sat Miss Hetty. She was reading aloud to Mrs. Jollipop, that charming book, "Emmeline Fitzherbert, or the Deserted Bride." Mrs. Jollipop did not like it, at all; she kept interrupting Miss Hetty, with such exclamations as—"Do tell!" "I never!" "Who would have thought!" and when Miss Hetty got to

that interesting scene where Emmeline poisons her grandmother, Mrs. Jollipop jumped out of her chair, and went over where Miss Hetty sat. She put her hand on Miss Hetty's head, and said—"Hetty Neverasole"—Mrs. Jollipop looked very solemn.

"What is it, Aunty? Please don't interrupt me, in the most interesting part."

"Interesting!" said Mrs. Jollipop. "It's horrible—it's awful—it's wicked. What will you come to, if you read such stuff? 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,'" and without more ado, Mrs. Jollipop seized the book, and threw it into the fire.

Hetty would have remonstrated, when there was a knock at the door, and in came Mr. Whooney. He looked troubled.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Jollipop; anything the matter?"

"Nothing, more than usual," he said; but I feel sorry that Robert Graham, who seemed such a nice boy, should have been put into the jail."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jollipop, "he is a nice boy, jail or no jail; he did something, to-day, that most boys wouldn't have done."

"What's that?" said Mr. Whooney.

"Why," said Mrs. Jollipop, "I know it's wrong, but I've told the Doctor I can't help doing it; but, you see, he has had nothing but bread and water, all day long; so, after tea, I just stepped in there, with a couple of sandwiches, just to stay his stomach a little, and he wouldn't touch 'em."

"Why not?" said Mr. Whooney.

"He said the Doctor put him there, on bread and water, and he ought not to take anything else—he looked mighty

hungry, at the sandwiches, too. There ain't many boys could have done that."

"No," said Mr. Whooney. "What is he in the jail for?"

"He was out of his Dormitory, last night, between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Was he;" then drawing his chair nearer to the table, he said: "Mrs. Jollipop, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!' said Mrs. Jollipop, looking all around the room; "of course, I do."

"Do you?" said Miss Hetty, looking over her shoulder; "did you ever see one?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jollipop; "It's a solemn thing, Mehitabel; but why did you ask, Mr. Whooney?"

"Because, last night, something so singular happened to me."

"What was it?" said Mrs. Jollipop and Miss Hetty, in one breath.

"I went to bed, quite early, being very tired, and was soon fast asleep. You know I sleep pretty sound, Mrs. Jollipop."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jollipop, shaking her head, solemnly; "go on!"

"Well," continued Mr. Whooney, "something woke me up. I do not know what; it was as dark as Egypt, in the room, but, somehow, I felt as if something was there. I thought I heard somebody breathing, so I sat up in bed." Mr. Whooney paused.

Mrs. Jollipop laid down her sewing.

Miss Hetty drew nearer to Mrs. Jollipop.

"What do you think I saw?'

"What was it?" said Mrs. Jollipop.

"Standing over by my bureau, was a man, or a boy, and he had a lantern of some sort, for it gave a flash of light, over towards my bed."

"It was a thief," said Mrs. Jollipop, seizing her bundle of keys, which lay on the table.

"So I thought," said Mr. Whooney; "so I called out, in a loud voice, 'where's my pistols?' on purpose to frighten him."

"Oh dear!" said Miss Hetty; "how could you be so brave? I should have just put my head under the bed-clothes, and screamed with all my might."

"Hush! Hetty," said Mrs. Jollipop. "What did he do then?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Whooney; "in a moment I jumped out of bed, found a match, and lighted my candle, but there was nobody in the room. I looked everywhere, but I could find no one. I know, that somebody was there; I was as wide awake as I am now; there was no possibility of his getting out of the room, and so, unless it was a disembodied spirit, I don't know what it could have been."

"What did it look like?" said Hetty, in a low voice.

"I could not tell," said Mr. Whooney.

"Mr. Whooney," said Mrs. Jollipop, "I believe in ghosts, but that wasn't any ghost—that was boys—they were going to play some awful trick on you, you may be sure, and your getting up, frightened them.

That's what I suppose," said Mr. Whooney; "but I can't make the matter out. He was there one minute, and wasn't the next."

"Are you sure you were not asleep?"

"Quite sure, for I looked at my watch, and it was just half-past ten."

"Just a little while before, Robert Graham was found out of the Dormitory," said Hetty. "Could he have had anything to do with it?"

"No, indeed?" said Mrs. Jollipop and Mr. Whooney, both, at once.

That evening, after tea, Rob was liberated from the jail, and was allowed to go down to the school-room. He did not like to go—he was afraid the boys would tease him and laugh at him—so he hesitated for awhile; but, at last, opened the study door and walked in. He was not prepared for the greeting he received; they gathered all around him.

Popkins shook him by the hand, and said, "Sly old fellow! Saying your prayers, and all that, and then going out of your Dormitory, without any one's knowing it!"

"Gay old boy!" said Whiffles; "we all thought you were so awful good, and you're up to snuff, like the rest of us!"

There was, evidently, an intense feeling amongst the boys. The boy, whose good example had frightened them, was no better than they were. He was, straightway, immensely popular. Only Hubbers and Copsey, did not go up to speak to him, at once; and Bolmer said to the boy he was talking to, "Like all the rest of them, after all."

Jerry Guffins was just about to give Rob three cheers, when Rob said, "I think you are making a mistake. Dr. Neverasole has punished me, but I really did not mean to do anything wrong. I went down to speak to Dr. Neverasole, and he thought I was breaking the rules, that was all."

The boys, however, mostly stuck to the opinion that Rob was mighty sly, and knew what he was about. Ned was the only one who seemed, at all, to understand him, and he shook hands with Rob, and said it was too bad.

As he did so, Rob could not help noticing the appearance of unusual excitement about him. His cheek was flushed, and his eyes sparkled, and there was a sort of twitching of the muscles of the face. As Mr. Whooney came in, to the evening study, he gave a start, as though some one had struck him, and when Mr. Whooney said, "I wish to say something to you, boys," his face became as white as a sheet. His color, however, returned, when it proved to be only a notice about some trifling matter of behavior.

That evening, at recess, Ned was missing, and came in late, after the other boys had assembled. He had been in Durkey's room, telling Durkey, for the second time, what he had done the night before. He could not speak of it to others, and so he took the more pleasure in talking about it, to Durkey.

"When I got inside," he told the story, "I looked around and saw that Whooney was fast asleep. The first thing, was to get the key out of his vest pocket—his vest was on a chair, and, luckily, lay on top. What a lot of things there were in his pockets; I thought I never should find it, and, as luck would have it, I dropped his pencil on the floor. Didn't I feel frightened, when old Whiney moved about in his bed: presently he became quiet, and then I went over to the drawer, and easily opened it, and got one bag in the big pocket of my overcoat. Just then, I heard Whiney say, 'Where's my pistols?" I thought it was all up with me, when, just by the bureau, I remembered there was

a big, empty trunk, of which the lid was open. It was a monstrous box, which had just been emptied, and, in a moment, I got into that, and pulled the lid down. It was an awful small place to be in, and, once, he put his hand on the cover. I should think he stayed up half an hour, and it was half an hour more, before he got snoring again, and then I got up, and crept out of the room. As I passed up stairs, I dropped the bag on the floor. Didn't you hear it, Durkey?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Durkey, "that's the way I knew you had done the prettiest trick that ever was played in this school."

A day or two passed away, and nothing happened, except, one day, Mr. Whooney held up a knife, and asked whose it was. Nobody answered, at first; but Robert Graham got up, and said it was his. As he handed it to him, Mr. Whooney said, "Where did you lose it?"

"I do not know," said Rob. "I am much obliged, to you, sir."

Nothing more was said, but the same day, Mr. Whooney said to Miss Hetty, whom he met in Mrs. Jollipop's room, "Did you say that Robert Graham was out of the Dormitory that night, when I was disturbed?"

"Yes," said Hetty, "certainly, he was. He was in the parlor, caught by father."

"Strange!" said Mr. Whooney, to himself; "and that knife, which I found in my room, was his—strange enough!"

A week went by, and there was no evidence that Mr. Whooney had discovered his loss. Indeed, he had not; for he was no miser, and only kept his money in his room, from a distrust, he foolishly felt, of the Dorchester Banks.

Poor Ned! His joke wore on him. He went about, like one standing on the top of a mine, which might explode at any time. He watched every turn and expression of Mr. Whooney's face. Every day that went by, only increased his anxiety. His face grew thin with waiting. At first, he had thought what fun it would be, when the matter came to light. Now, he kept asking himself, what he should do when Whiney did find it out. At last, he went to Durkey, and said he must let him carry it back again; he couldn't stand it any longer. It was a joke that wouldn't pay. What was his horror, when Durkey brought out the bag, and said, "Ned, I am sorry to say, that somebody or another, has taken some of the money out of the bag; it is not more than half full—is that as full as it was when you took it?" he said.

Ned took it in his hand and said, "No, indeed!"

"I thought not," said Durkey. "What shall we do?"

Poor Ned was thoroughly frightened. "Who could have taken it?"

"I am sure I do not know," said Durkey. "I have kept it tight locked, and, only once, looked at it, to see that it was all safe. Then it was that I discovered that some of it was gone. But there is," he continued, "one thing that seems to me queer. What kind of a fellow is that cousin of yours, Robert Graham—the fellow who says his prayers, and is so dreadful pious?"

"He's a first-rate fellow," said Ned. "I wish I was as good."

"You as good!" said Durkey. "I shouldn't like to see you such a soft kind of a thing as he is—any how, I caught him in my room the other day, and he looked guilty enough."

"Now, Durkey!" said Ned, "that won't do. He would not steal, you may be sure of that."

"Not so sure of it," said Durkey, "and I wish I had searched his pockets, that's all. You be on the watch, and see if he hasn't got some five-dollar gold pieces about him."

"Durkey," said Ned, "wouldn't it do to take the bag back to Whooney, and tell him I took it, and say that we will make up what's gone, as soon as we can. I've got five dollars now, and Pop would give me some, if I asked him, to save me from disgrace."

Durkey stood up. "Do you want to be made the laughing stock of this school? Perhaps Whooney wouldn't speak of it—catch him," said Durkey. "He'd tell it everywhere, and you'd be expelled."

"What shall we do?" said Ned.

"Let the joke go on, and when he finds it out, put enough flat stones in the bottom to make the bag full. He may not find it out till he dies."

"But it's just like stealing," said Ned.

"Well, then, if you don't like that, write to your father for a hundred dollars, in five-dollar gold pieces, and you can put that in."

"I'll do that," said Ned, "and then, when I've got the money, I can put it back."

"All right!" said Durkey.

CHAPTER V.

"Here's no end of fun!" said Whiffles; "I never see such a sight, in my life."

This remark was made to Snippers, who was a great friend of Sandy's. Snippers was a boy whose clothes were always dirty, and whose complexion was always out of order; in spite of all his efforts, there was always an eruption on Snipper's face. Some dirt-colored hair, upon his upper lip, and on his cheeks, added to the general frowsiness of his appearance. He had a down look, and it was hard to catch his eye. You talked to him, and he seemed to be gazing at something, at an angle of forty-five degrees; yet Snippers was a boy greatly in request, with the other boys, and decidedly popular. Snippers was always engaged in trading. He was continually buying and selling, and speculating in knives, marbles, butter-scotch, candy, pea-nuts and boiled eggs. Wherever Snippers was, there was always an eager sound of voices, trying to beat him down, and Snippers' nasal voice, declaring it was a splendid bargain. At other times, Snippers was off by himself, counting up coppers, dimes and half-dimes. He had just sold, to Sandy, a boiled egg, six pea-nuts and an apple, for twenty-five cents, having made a profit of, at least, twenty cents, and he felt first-rate.

"What is it?" said Snippers.

"Here's no end of fun!" repeated Whiffles, who was looking out of the window, "tell Gubbins to come, quick!"

"What is it?" said Snippers, "can't you tell a fellow?"

"Such a crew!" said Whiffles, "what a bonnet, I never did see! It's as good as a play!"

"Well!" said Snippers, in a cross sort of a way, "if you can't tell me, I'll come and look for myself!"

Snippers looked out of the window. There was a hack at the door, and just in front, protecting a monstrous basket, evidently laden with all sorts of provisions, stood Mrs. Dorothy, scolding the hackman; Mrs. Jones, with her mouth wide open, gazing at the building and revealing the toothless gums, and Miss Nancy Hogie, in the green calash, and little Bertha holding in her arms, with the greatest care, a doll, almost as large as herself.

Whiffles was fairly shaking with laughter.

"Did you ever see such a bonnet as that green one? And what gums that old lady has got!" That's a pretty little gal, though," said Whiffles, again, as his eye rested on Bertha. He immediately commenced fixing his cravat, running his hand through his hair, and looking at the ring on his finger. "I think I'll go down and speak to the folks. I guess they're from the country."

Presently, Whiffles was in front of the house, and going up to Mrs. Dorothy, said, "I am very glad, indeed, to see you. How are all your family?"

Mrs. Dorothy looked at him, a little cautiously, before she answered; the widow curtsied and smiled, and Miss Nancy stepped a little back, while Bertha seemed to pay no attention.

"I havn't any family," said Mrs. Dorothy.

"Indeed!" said Whiffles, "Is not this young lady your daughter?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dorothy, "not at all! Is Dr. Neverasole at home?"

"I suppose he is," said Whiffles, and then he said in a low, languishing voice, which he had found very effectual, in Hubville, to Bertha, "What a lovely girl you are!"

"Am I," said Bertha, "I feel very anxious now, indeed."

"Anxious!" said Sandy, "about what?"

"About my dear child."

"She is a pretty doll," said Sandy.

"He is not a she at all—he's a boy, and his name is Julius Washington; but he perspires, dreadfully, and I'm very much afraid of the croup. My family physician says, unless he is taken great care of, I shall never raise him. Please hold him!"

She laid him, carefully, in Sandy's arms, with many injunctions not to drop him, and Sandy was compelled to hold him.

He heard a stifled laugh, at the window, but he couldn't help it.

Just then, Guffins came up, with his hat in his hand, to Mrs. Dorothy.

"You are welcome, Madam, to the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy?" He said this, with as close an imitation of Dr. Neverasole's manner, as he could assume.

"The Principal of the Institution has sent me to you, to beg you to come at once to his room. He would come to you, but he is suffering, greatly, from a severe fit of inflammatory rheumatism, neuralgic gout and opodeldidums."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Dorothy, "I am very sorry, indeed. I have a splendid receipt for inflammatory rheumatism—if

you wear a potatoe in your pocket, you won't have it. I always wear one, and so does Mrs. Jones. What is your name, sir," she said.

Guffins hesitated, but presently said—"Jeremiah Guffins, Ph. D.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Peagedee."

"Guffins, ma'am, Guffins!"

"Mr. Guffins, then, let me introduce you to Mrs. Jones —Miss Hogie." Mrs. Jones curtsied three times and smiled; Miss Nancy bowed.

"Come this way, ladies, come this way."

He led them through the main hall, passed by Professor Poggers, with a bow, and up the two flights of stairs, to Bolmer's room. He gave a loud knock at the door, then, saying to Mrs. Dorothy, "I will see if the Doctor is ready to see you," slipped into the room, leaving the party at the door.

There was a sound of preparation inside, and the door was thrown open. In a large arm chair, apparently suffering dreadfully, sat Bolmer, so disguised that his most intimate friends would not have recognized him.

His legs were wrapped in flannels, and put upon a chair; he had a night-cap, which concealed his hair; a huge pair of whiskers hid the greater part of his face, and a pair of green goggles, covered his eyes. At his side sat Ned Stebbins, dressed in a frock, which the boys had for private theatricals; a frisette, gave him the requisite hair, and a cap, adorned with the gayest artificial flowers, completed his toilet. He represented Mrs. Neverasole, and busied himself arranging the flannels, while every now and then, he administered a spoonful of a hideous mixture,

which had been hastily concocted from a bottle of porter, in Bolmer's possession.

Mrs. Dorothy came in, on tip-toe, followed by Mrs. Jones, Miss Hogie and Bertha. Whiffles, who, at once detected the trick, could not contain himself, and was obliged to pretend to be deeply affected, at the sight of the Doctor's condition. Behind the Doctor's chair, at the end of the room, sat Popkins and Snippers, studying a spelling-book, together; they represented the two supposed children of the Doctor.

"Walk in, ladies!" said Guffins, "the Doctor is very poorly, this morning, indeed, we are expecting the physician, every moment, to prescribe for him. "I fear," said Guffins, wiping his eyes with a huge pocket-handkerchief, "the Doctor is not long for this world; he will soon be translated to a higher sphere."

At this, Mrs. Neverasole administered two spoonfuls of the porter, and kissed the Doctor on the brow, whereat the Doctor murmured, in a feeble voice, "Angelic creature!"

Mrs. Dorothy was greatly affected, and so was Mrs. Jones; a tear trembled in the eye of each, and Mrs. Dorothy said, "I am sorry to see you ill, Dr. Neverasole. I am afraid we are disturbing you."

"Oh no!" said the Doctor, "I am always glad to see the fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles of my dear boys. I, sometimes, object to Grandmothers," he said; "they are too indulgent; but what is your name? I think I have not met you before."

"Mrs. Bersimore," said Aunt Dorothy, "and this is Mrs. Jones and this is Miss Hogie."

The Doctor smiled, feebly, and Mrs. Neverasole admin-

istered another dose. "Failing rapidly," said Mrs. Neverasole.

"I have come," said Mrs. Dorothy, "to see Robert Graham, in whom I take a great interest, and we brought a little pic-nic along with us, and we had hopes that you and Mrs. Neverasole, would have joined us."

At the word "pic-nic," a sweet smile overspread the Doctor's face, and Mrs. Neverasole turned to Popkins and Snippers, both of whom were listening, eagerly.

"Adolphus and Clarence, come here."

"Mrs. Bersimore," said Ned, "these are my two sons, Adolphus and Clarence. You wouldn't think I could have two such old boys."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dorothy. "No, indeed! They are very tall for their ages. They take after their dear, sainted father."

Popkins, who was five feet and eight inches in height, and Snippers, who was a little taller, and who had borrowed round jackets for the occasion, came forward.

"Go out into the hall, and bring in good Mrs. Bersimore's pic-nic."

Popkins said in a gruff voice, "Ma, may I go to the pic-nic?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dorothy, "let the dear children come. We wanted to have some of the boys, and, especially, Edward Stebbins, who is a cousin of Robert Graham's."

At this Mrs. Neverasole gave a little, uneasy start, which caused the Doctor to administer a slight pinch. It was with difficulty, that Ned restrained himself from giving Bolmer a cuff, and was only prevented by Guffins, who saw the danger.

The boys, presently, returned with the basket, and as they did so, in came Perkins, another of the boys of the first class, with a saddle-bag in his hand. He laid it on the floor, and immediately felt the Doctor's pulse.

Mrs. Neverasole looked at him with the deepest anxiety. Guffins wiped his eyes, while Popkins took the opportunity of peeping into the pic-nic basket, and of abstracting a couple of sandwiches which he secretly nibbled, behind the spelling-book, to the intense aggravation of Snippers, who did not dare to do the like himself.

Perkins looked at the Doctor's tongue, sounded his lungs, poked his ribs, and, generally, maltreated him. After he had done so, Mrs. Neverasole drew him aside, and gently whispered something in his ear.

"Madam," said Perkins, aloud, taking her by the hand, and leading her over to the Doctor, "embrace your husband; his symptoms are better; he will surely recover."

At this, Mrs. Neverasole threw her arms around his neck, and wept.

The Doctor was greatly overcome, and Guffins and Whiffles sobbed, quite audibly.

Mrs. Dorothy burst into tears, and Mrs. Jones, also, while Popkins and Snippers helped themselves, with great vigor, in the general confusion, to the contents of the basket.

"Mrs. Neverasole," said Perkins, in a loud tone of voice, "what the Doctor needs is tonic; his system must now be built up—we must cease repletion (Perkins meant depletion, but nobody noticed the blunder). What I would advise, for the Doctor," said Perkins, "is a hearty meal, of good food—not exactly dinner, but a sort of lunch—in short, the

kind of meal," and Perkins waved his hand blandly, "which is, ordinarily, termed a pic-nic."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Dorothy, "how fortunate it is —"

"Oh, lawk!" said Mrs. Jones.

Miss Nancy, all the while, stood pulling her cap strings, and said nothing.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Neverasole, "that the Doctor will have to wait, two or three hours, as the cook is sick, and the fire in the kitchen has gone out."

"Never!" said Perkins, "it might prove fatal."

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Neverasole.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Dorothy, "we have a nice lunch in our basket; let us spread it out on the table; we shall be glad to have it here, and, perhaps, you will let Robert Graham join us. I do want to see the dear boy, so."

"I'll go and find him, myself," said Mrs. Neverasole.

No sooner had she left the room, than Aunt Dorothy drew the table up, near the Doctor, and spread over it the clean, white table-cloth, and emptied the basket. Popkins looked on, with greedy eyes. Perkins made believe that he was going, but yielded to an invitation, from Mrs. Dorothy, to stay.

Presently, Mrs. Neverasole returned, and said, "That dear boy of yours, Mrs. Bersimore, has gone on an errand, to Hubville."

"When will he be back?" said Mrs. Dorothy.

"I am afraid, not for several hours."

"Oh, dear," said all the three ladies.

The table was soon laden with all sorts of nice things. It was marvelous to see with what alacrity, a man so ill as the Doctor, could move over to the table. Just as all were

seated, there was a little awkward pause, not even Popkins liking to be the first to help himself, when Mrs. Dorothy turned to Bolmer, and said, in a solemn tone of voice, "Doctor, will you please to ask a blessing?"

Bolmer was puzzled—he did not know what to say. It was quite a long time since he heard one. A bright thought struck him, and he turned to Perkins, "Deacon," he said, "please to say a few words."

Perkins contrived to mutter something, which passed for a grace, and the meal began. The Doctor's appetite was astonishing. How Mrs. Neverasole laid in! Popkins and Snippers vied with one another. Hardly a word was spoken, and it was in vain, that Mrs. Dorothy tried to put aside a little for Robert Graham. Just as they were in the midst of the good things, and Bolmer had got his third piece of mince pie, suddenly, the door opened, and in rushed Rob himself.

He did not notice the boys, but, in a moment, was hugging and kissing Mrs. Dorothy and little Bertha, and shaking hands with Mrs. Jones and Miss Hogie.

"Where is Grandmama?"

"She could not come; she was too poorly."

But, in a moment, Mrs. Dorothy remarked Robert's want of good manners, and said, "Don't forget, Rob; speak to the Doctor and Mrs. Neverasole. The Doctor is better; I am sure you will be glad to hear it."

There was a dead silence all around the table; the boys looked at one another. Dr. and Mrs. Neverasole tried to wink, in the most confidential way, at Rob; but Rob stepped forward, and to the horror of Mrs. Dorothy, who fairly shrieked, pulled the frisette off Mrs. Neverasole, and

the goggles off Bolmer. Popkins and Snippers slipped out of the room, Snippers carrying off a mince pie, as he did so.

"Aunt Dorothy," said Rob, "the fellows have been playing a trick on you. I was afraid so, when I heard you were up here. It is not Dr. Neverasole or Mrs. Neverasole; but nobody but Ned Stebbins and Bolmer."

"Then you havn't been to Hubville."

"Not I," said Rob.

Mrs. Dorothy looked at Bolmer and Stebbins, and was about to speak, when little Bertha stepped before her and shook Julius Washington, fiercely, at the boys, and said, "come, Aunt Dorothy, let's go away; they are naughty boys—they tell lies!"

"Hush," said Mrs. Dorothy. She did not know what to say; she felt forlorn and lonely, and almost like crying, and provoked, too, that Rob should have missed the lunch. She stood, hesitating, when lo, Miss Nancy stepped forward, her lips compressed, and stood before the boys.

"It is a long time," she said, since I have seen much of young men; but I had a brother once"—and her lips trembled a little—"and he would sooner have cut off his right hand, than played such a trick, on three women, like ourselves. It used to be the fashion," and there was a strange earnestness in her voice, "to help women rather than play tricks on them, even if they chanced to be old and ugly. We bid you a good afternoon, young *gentlemen;*" she emphasized the word, "and wish you better manners."

"Stop, stop!" said Bolmer. "It's too bad; we didn't mean wrong. I beg your pardon, a thousand times, and I promise you, I won't do so again."

Miss Nancy looked at him, severely. She was not to be so easily propitiated; when Mrs. Dorothy, who was

quite melted by Bolmer's apologies, said, "Oh, yes, we forgive you, only," she added, "it was very wicked to tell all those stories, and I hope you will ask God to forgive you, when you say your prayers, to-night.

They turned to leave—all except old Mrs. Jones, who could not comprehend, and did not, clearly, see how it was; so she shook hands with Bolmer, and said, "Good-bye Doctor; I hope you will soon be quite restored." When they got out into the hall, Robert did not know where to take them. There was a little, dreary parlor, below stairs, and he was about leading them to it, when he came full upon Mrs. Jollipop.

"Oh, Mrs. Jollipop, here's my Aunt Dorothy, and Widow Jones, and Miss Hogie!"

"Glad to see them—let 'em come to my room!"

Nothing could be better. So, soon, they were all safely in Mrs. Jollipop's apartment.

What a time Robert had! There was the Dormitory, and the school-room, and the gymnasium, and the chapel, to be seen, and such lots of things to be heard about Danville. The carriage was to come for them, after tea, to go back to Dorchester, that night, and to return the next day, home. It was a time of unmixed enjoyment. After a while, Ned Stebbins was brought in, and two or three of the other boys, and Miss Nancy seemed to take quite a fancy to Ned. There was only one thing, which the widow and Miss Nancy noticed, that Rob never would have seen. There was not perfect harmony between Mrs. Dorothy and Mrs. Jollipop; indeed, there was from the first, an unspoken quarrel between them. They did not agree on pickles, they did not get along about preserves. They said the nicest things in the world to one another, but you felt

somehow, as if, provided they were long enough together, it wouldn't end pleasantly. It was at the tea-table, that the matter culminated. There was a peculiar kind of jelly on the table, well known to the boys as "Mrs. Jollipop's first double class, A, No. 1, Superfine Jelly." No sooner had Mrs. Dorothy tasted it, than she grew absolutely white in the face, and deliberately refused to taste another morsel of any thing. It was in vain that all sorts of things were passed her; she refused bread and cake, and would only taste her tea.

When tea was nearly over, Mrs. Dorothy said to Mrs. Jollipop, "What is your recipe for making that Jelly?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Dorothy," said Mrs. Jollipop, "that's a thing I cannot tell. I never mentioned it to anybody—not even to Mr. Jollipop, though he often asked me, and said, 'Betsey, if you love me, tell me how it's made?'"

There was a silence at the table. The boys knew that Mrs. Jollipop regarded the matter as a very important thing, as she never referred to Mr. Jollipop, except in cases of great interest.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Dorothy, "I think I know it."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Jollipop, "I think not. That recipe is only known to one other person, and she's dead."

Mrs. Dorothy pursed up her mouth, shook her head, and took off her spectacles.

"Anyhow, I know it."

"Mrs. Dorothy," said Mrs. Jollipop, with great solemnity, "only one person knows it beside me. Her name was Dorothy McCall, and she's been dead these fifteen years." Here Mrs. Jollipop wiped her eyes. At the name Dorothy McCall, the Widow Jones laid down her cake, and

said, "Oh, lawk, did you ever!" Miss Nancy looked up astonished.

Mrs. Dorothy grew very red in the face, and her eyes sparkled, and she said, "Dead or not, I know how to make that jelly, and there's nobody besides me that knows how to make it, except Elizabeth Sniddles, and her I havn't seen these fifteen years.

It was now Mrs. Jollipop's turn to look astonished. She got up from her seat—so did Mrs. Dorothy—up rose the widow—up rose Miss Nancy—up rose the boys.

"Have you got a mole behind your ear," said Mrs. Jollipop.

"Have you lost the first joint of the little finger of your left hand?" said Mrs. Dorothy.

"It's her!" said Mrs. Jollipop.

"It's her!" said Mrs. Dorothy.

In a moment, they were kissing one another.

That Mrs. Dorothy and Mrs. Jollipop should have turned out to be old friends, was very romantic and astonishing, to the boys and the widow, who kept saying, "Oh, lawk!" and, finally, told the whole story of Mr. Jones, from his birth to his death, which occupied all the rest of the visit.

Before they started, it was deemed a matter of propriety to call and see Dr. and Mrs. Neverasole, and, so, Mrs. Jollipop showed the way down stairs. They were received, very graciously, by the Doctor, who had just had his tea, and was in a high, good humor.

"He talked so well about the boys, that the widow said, afterwards, "If ever there was a saint upon earth, it was Doctor Neverasole," and Mrs. Dorothy, as the hack was a little delayed, asked the Doctor if, as they were to stay at

an inn that night, he would not have his family prayers a little earlier than usual, and let them join in the service. This, a little, disconcerted the Doctor, who was not in the habit of having family prayers, and greatly amused Mrs. Jollipop, who knew it. The Doctor, however, excused himself, in some way or another, and with many kisses Mrs. Dorothy bade Robert good-bye.

Her last words were, "You shall hear from me soon, and I will send you a present."

She said this in the hall, in a loud voice—Durkey happened to pass by, on the walk, and heard her.

CHAPTER VI.

A week passed by and still Mr. Whooney did not discover his loss. It became intolerable to Ned; he could not bear the sight of Durkey; he wrote to his father for the hundred dollars, but got no answer. Eagerly, he inspected the letters, when the mail was brought in, but there was none for him.

One day, Robert Graham was sitting by himself, in the school-room, when one of the boys came in, and handed him a letter.

He did not recognize the handwriting. The letter was a heavy one, and seemed to have something in it. He looked at it, on all sides, and wondered where it came from, and what was in it. At last, he opened it; he perceived that it was from Mrs. Dorothy, although not in her handwriting. This, however, was soon explained, for she said, "my own eyes, and your grandmother's, are so weak that I have got a friend to write this letter for me. I enclose you four five-dollar gold pieces, for you to spend as you please. Be generous with them; but do not say who gave them to you."

Four five-dollar gold pieces! He had never had so much money, at a time, before, in his life, and he put the letter into his pocket, and commenced tossing them up and down. As he did so, one rolled along the floor, a little distance, and got lodged in a crack. The more he worked

at it, the more it got wedged in, and he spent some time in trying to get it out. He did not notice several boys, who came into the room. At last, they came up to him, and Ned Stebbins, who was with them, asked him, "What are you looking for?"

"I've dropped a five-dollar gold piece, and it has got into this crack."

"It's too bad," said several of the boys, and Ned and two others stooped down to help him. They continued working at it, for about ten minutes, when the boys came flocking in, and presently Mr. Whooney rang the bell for study. The boys got up, reluctantly, and several of them said—

"It's a five-dollar gold piece; can't we have five minutes more?"

"Who has lost it?" said Mr. Whooney.

"Robert Graham," answered several voices.

Mr. Whooney, very kindly, took a pair of small pincers from his desk, and came down to the place. In a moment more, he had drawn out the five-dollar gold piece. As he did so, his eye seemed to be attracted to something about it, and he took it in his hand, to his desk. He looked at it, carefully, by the light of the lamp, and then, calling Robert to him, asked him where he had got it.

"It was a present to me," said Robert; he was a little confused, for he remembered that Mrs. Dorothy had said, "Do not mention who gave them to you."

Mr. Whooney, however, persisted, "who gave it to you?"

"I had rather not tell," said Robert.

Mr. Whooney looked at it, carefully.

"Is it counterfeit?" said Robert.

"No!" said Mr. Whooney. "It is—nothing at all," he added and handed it back to Robert.

Mr. Whooney's inspection, and the word counterfeit, gave the piece an added interest in the eyes of the boys, and especially of Snippers; and so, in the few moments before they were called to order, it was handed round, from one to another.

"What a notch that is, in it! I wonder how it came there," said Durkey, who had joined the group. "I should think some one had made it, to mark it, should not you, Mr. Whooney?" he said, turning to the teacher, who was standing near by, with his hand upon the bell.

At recess, Robert was a great object of interest to all the boys, and especially to Snippers, who was already calculating how much he could make for himself, out of the four five-dollar gold pieces.

It was just before recess was over, that Cropsey came into the room looking very serious; somebody asked him, "What's the matter, Cropsey; is your grandmother dead?" "No," said Cropsey, "but did you know that Hubbers was awful sick?"

"Sick!" said several of the boys. "Is anything the matter with his big toe?"

"Pooh!" said another, "I saw him yesterday and he has nothing but a sore throat. He was having a jolly old time, in Jollipop's room, reading a *Harper's Weelky*."

"I guess I'll make believe sick, too," said Popkins, "you get lots of goodies."

"I tell you," said Cropsey, "the Doctor was here, just before the school, and says he's got the diphtheria, and he's afraid he won't get well. He says he's got a weak consti-

tution, and if you go up stairs, by the sick room, you can smell an awful stench."

"I guess it's a smell of stewed oysters," said Popkins, "that's all."

"You go, and see," said Cropsey.

Two or three of the boys went out, and up stairs, and after a while returned, very quietly, and said they had seen Mrs. Jollipop, who had told them not to go up that way, and when they asked how he was, shook her head.

There crept a silence over the school and the boys whispered to one another. Popkins whistled and began to sing; but the boys, generally, shrank away from him, as though, in some way, he was accountable for Hubbers' sickness.

"I wouldn't like to be Popkins," said Cropsey, to another little boy, "if Hubbers should die."

"Why not?" said the other.

"Don't you know how he tried to keep Hubbers from saying his prayers, and how he treated him those times? It used to make Hubbers cry, lots, off by himself, and when he was in bed, I used to hear him."

The general feeling, through the school, when they went to bed, was, that they wouldn't like to be Popkins; that's all. That night, several of the boys knelt down and said their prayers, besides Rob and Cropsey, and several more said them in bed. There was a general opinion, that if Hubbers died, he would go straight to heaven. There was a decided feeling, also, in favor of saying prayers, and being good. The boys, generally, gathered around Robert Graham, who might be said, to unite, in these times, the world and the Church, having four five-dollar gold pieces, and having always said his prayers. Robert did not seem

to realize the importance of his position, but was thinking a great deal about poor little Hubbers; but Cropsey, as one who had been Hubbers' intimate friend, became the head of the movement. Several of the boys came over, and sat on his bed. He told them all he knew about Hubbers' family and relations, and when any of the boys asked questions, the general reply was, "go ask Cropsey, he knows all about him; Hubbers used to tell him lots."

All this produced a little crowd around Cropsey, who sat on a moral throne, surrounded by his courtiers.

"He's got no father nor mother," said Cropsey; "they both died in the West Indies. He don't remember his father; but he does his mother; he's got a pretty picture of her, but he never showed it to any one but me, for fear he'd be laughed at. That's the reason he always said his prayers, because he promised his mother he would, and he'd have said 'em, too, if you had torn him in two pieces. I guess I wouldn't like to be the fellow, now, that tried to stop him."

This last, was said by Cropsey, in a loud tone of voice, and was intended for Popkins, who couldn't stand it any longer, and had crept over to the outskirts of the circle, of which Cropsey was the centre. Popkins broke out into an oath, with an angry answer, whenever Guffins turned on him.

"A pretty time to be swearing, when there's a boy dying."

"I say so, too!" said another boy. "And I, too!" said another.

Popkins looked all around, for some one to take his part, but they were all intent on what Cropsey was saying,

and he felt himself to be excommunicated, and he shrank away.

After the lamps were out, Popkins crept over to Cropsey's bed and said, in a whisper, "I say, Cropsey!"

"What is it?" said Cropsey, in a tone of virtuous reproach.

"Don't you want a jack-knife? 'cause if you do, here's mine."

Now, this was a great temptation to Cropsey, for Popkins' jack-knife was well known in the school, and he had lost his own a week or two before.

As I am now writing a true history, I cannot say that Cropsey was not tempted. It was something to have Popkins, who ruled the Dormitory, thus suing for peace; it was something more to get a good jack-knife. I am afraid Cropsey would have taken the jack-knife, had not, just then, a gleam of moon-light fallen on Hubbers' empty bed, and he turned quickly over to the other side of the bed, as far away from Popkins and the jack-knife as he could, and said, in a gruff voice, to Popkins, "No, I don't."

Popkins got up and went away, and got to bed.

The next morning, it was reported that Hubbers was a little better, and straightway everybody in the school thought he would get well, and almost forgot all about him, before night. As Hubbers got better, Cropsey's influence declined, and Popkins, once more, was in the ascendant.

Towards evening, a cold, March rain, set in. The wind from the far-off Atlantic, moaned and whistled; the rain beat, heavily, against the east windows of the school.

It was one of those dreary evenings, when, even when all is bright and cheerful, one cannot help feeling desolate. This night, as the news spread about that Hubbers was

worse again, even the spirits of the boys, which, generally nothing could depress, sank under it. The little fellows were afraid to go out into the dark hall, and made all sorts of excuses to go with some one else. They went out by out-of-the-way circuits, to avoid the hall in which the sick room was, and when school was called, Mr. Whooney, for once, had no difficulty in keeping order. At recess, Snippers beckoned Whiffles aside, and privately, gave him five cents, without stating for what, although Whiffles felt that if it was intended as an act of restitution, it was quite insufficient.

Guffins withdrew from the others, carefully put his desk in order, and, from a hidden corner, drew out a Bible, which no one knew he possessed, and began reading at the place where he had left off some two years before, which happened to be the Book of Leviticus.

Most of the boys wrote letters home, in which they quoted fragments of hymns, and referred, pathetically, to Hubbers. There was a sense of expectation, as though something would happen.

When Mrs. Jollipop came in at the door, whispered something to Mr. Whooney, and asked Robert Graham to come with her, the boys were so still you could have heard a pin drop.

In his study, sat Dr. Neverasole. How comfortable everything was; the heavy curtains shut out the sound of the storm, a bright light burned on the stand, placed before the fire, and the coals sparkled and glowed in the grate.

The Doctor was in dressing gown and slippers, reading the *Progressive Freeman;* just then the door opened, and in came Mrs. Jollipop.

She came and stood opposite to the Doctor, and said to him—

"The little boy cannot live—he will not last till morning."

"Oh, dear!" said the Doctor, "It is too bad!"

The Doctor seemed to feel as if Hubbers was really injuring him, and dying, as it were, on purpose.

"I hope you are doing everything for him, Mrs. Jollipop. Let him have every comfort and luxury, and spare no expense."

"Comforts and luxuries!" said Mrs. Jollipop, "Pooh! he can't eat—the poor little fellow's mind is just as clear as it ever was, and he wants somebody to come and pray with him."

"Does he know he is going to die?" said the Doctor.

"I am not sure," said Mrs. Jollipop. "He ought to be told."

"No indeed, no indeed!" said the Doctor, emphatically.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jollipop.

"It would make him feel so bad," said the Doctor; "and it might hasten his departure. Such a dreadful excitement, as it would be."

"It couldn't make any difference," said Mrs. Jollipop. "I suppose God takes care of people, in death, as well as in life, and it says—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'"

Dr. Neverasole did not answer. He was not a hard-hearted man, at all; it was only that he was not prepared for the emergency. Into his calculations, and his mode of instruction, and his care of his scholars, death did not enter. Of course, people must die, but being in vigorous health, he did not think much about it, as regarding himself; and as to the boys, was he not training them to be

successful business men—to make money—in short, to live; and what had death to do with that?" Thus, death, creeping in, in this unexpected way, uninvited, not desired, having no legitimate place in his scheme of training, seemed to him to be taking great liberties with the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. He would have been angry, and resisted, had he dreamed he could have any chance with death; but knowing he could not, he only felt an injured feeling, as though a wrong had been done him, and was merely anxious to get through with a disagreeable business, which he could not avoid, with as little that was unpleasant, as possible.

"It is too late, and the storm is too bad, to send to Dorchester for a minister, and Professor Poggers is away," he said, after a moment's thought. "I am sorry, but it cannot be helped."

"You ought to come yourself," said Mrs. Jollipop.

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Neverasole, with her cap all awry, rushed in.

"Come up stairs, Mrs. Jollipop; I am afraid to be there alone. He lies so still, I think he will die every minute."

Mrs. Jollipop did not wait for another word, but hurried off.

The Doctor paced up and down the room.

"It's too bad—too bad! What did I take him for—I knew he was delicate—and diphtheria, too!"

"You must go up stairs, Nehemiah, my dear," said Mrs. Neverasole, "it will look bad if you do not go and speak to him—and he keeps asking for you. I think," she continued solemnly, "he wants to make his last testament, or something."

Mrs. Neverasole felt very differently from the Doctor. In a solemn, melancholy way, she rather enjoyed the excitement of a death in the family. Although not particularly useful, she was a great deal in the sick-room. She privately told Mehitabel, that Hubbers would make a beautiful corpse; she kept making, in her own mind, all the arrangements for the funeral, and had, indeed, already begun a touching letter to Hubbers grandfather, who was too old and infirm to come to him, and who was, also, his sole relative, except a sister, who was traveling in Europe.

Presently, she left the room, and the Doctor followed her.

The sick-room door was open, to give as much air as possible, and the dying boy lay upon the bed, breathing with difficulty. His hands kept aimlessly clutching at something, and picking at the bed-clothes; he could not lie easy in any position, and kept asking to be moved. Mrs. Jollipop bent over him, helping. On the other side of the bed, sat Robert Graham, whom he had asked for, a little while before, and whom Mrs. Jollipop had told to stay.

Hubbers opened his eyes and saw Dr. Neverasole. He knew him at once, and said, in a voice strangely strong—

"Doctor!"

The Doctor bent over the bed.

"Doctor am I going to die? Please tell me!"

The Doctor hesitated, and coughed, and then said, "I hope you will get well—I hope you will; we will do all we can for you; be quiet and don't be frightened!"

Hubbers fixed his large eyes, full upon the Doctor, and repeated the question:

"Doctor, am I going to die?"

"Don't think about it Hubbers. Lie still!"

Hubbers gave a groan and said—

"Won't somebody tell me, and pray for me?"

"Tell him," said Mrs. Jollipop to the Doctor.

The Doctor moved away.

Mrs. Jollipop could stand it no longer—so she leaned over him and said—

"Poor little lamb! Jesus, the Saviour, will take care of you, it says in the Bible, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

"Please pray that I may be forgiven!"

"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world!" said Mrs. Jollipop, and in the stillness of the sick-room sounded the response, in the clear voice of the dying lad, "Have mercy upon me."

"Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world!" she said again, and once more the answer

"Grant me thy peace!"

Just then, a shadow seemed to creep over his face, his breath came slower and slower. Mrs. Jollipop clasped her hands, and burst into tears. The Doctor and Mrs. Neverasole came nearer. Mrs. Jollipop moved to the stand, and took up her Prayer Book, which lay there; she quickly opened it, and handed it to Robert, and said, "Read it, I can not!"

"Robert knelt down upon his knees, and began the awful prayer which commends the parting soul into the hands of God. "O, Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this, thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into

the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour, most humbly beseeching Thee, that it may be precious in Thy sight."

He finished the prayer. There was a dreadful stillness in the room. The clock, upon the wall, seemed to tick louder than any clock ever ticked before. The face of poor little Hubbers was gazing at him, and his eyes were fixed upon him, but there was no sound of breathing. He listened, and listened, but there was no sound. The only thing that could be heard, coming through the open door, was the noise of the boys, leaving the school-room, and going up to bed, and now and then, a voice louder than the rest. The contrast between the busy life below, and the quiet of death there, only made the stillness more awful. Just then, Mrs. Jollipop arose, and closed his eyes.

"He is at rest," she said.

Mrs. Neverasole looked at the little fellow, and Doctor Neverasole looked at him, and then he gave his wife his arm, and they went down stairs.

"Is he dead?" said Robert; he could not realize it yet.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jollipop, "there is a great deal to be done. I think Mrs. Neverasole might have staid. I shall have to run down stairs—you must wait here."

"She did not wait for his answer, but hurried out of the door, shutting it after her. Robert was left alone with the dead boy. His first impulse, was to run after Mrs. Jollipop, and beg her to stay and let him run down for her. Indeed, he got as far as the door, where he remembered his grandmother had once told him, that he must never be afraid to do anything that was right. *That* was cowardly, and so he came back again. He took up the Prayer Book, which was lying on the bed, and said the same prayer over again.

He then opened the Psalter, and his eye fell on the twenty-third Psalm.

"The Lord is my shepherd;" and there was a new meaning to the words he had heard so often. "Yea, when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

He closed the book, and still Mrs. Jollipop did not come. Suddenly it flashed across him, what if Hubbers was not dead? he had read of such a thing in a book once. He looked at his face, it seemed as if he breathed—his eyes were partly opened, and he had seen Mrs. Jollipop close them. What if he should start up in bed? He looked again—surely he moved; or was it just the flickering shadow, which the candle, moved by some current of air, from the half open window, cast upon his face?

Robert started to his feet; he must run after Mrs. Jollipop. Then he said to himself, "What if he should want a drink of water, or something, and there should be no one to give it to him?" No! he would wait; Mrs. Jollipop could not be long. He took the candle in his hand and looked into the silent features. The more he looked, the more it seemed as if he breathed. He spoke. "Hubbers!" he said, "are you awake?" he was frightened at the sound of his own voice, and as Mrs. Jollipop opened the door, he gave a scream of fright.

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Jollipop, who was followed by one of the servants.

"Isn't he alive? Mrs. Jollipop."

Mrs. Jollipop cast an uneasy look at the dead child, and said gently, "I shouldn't have left you alone. I don't hardly know what I'm about, but you're a brave boy, God bless you! But you had better go to bed now."

The next day, the sun shone out as brightly as possible, and there was a breath of spring in the air. It seemed to make it the more sorrowful, that nature should be so bright. School went on, as usual, but the teachers were, more than usually, placable and good-natured. Dr. Neverasole made quite a speech to the boys, which was considered by them all, as very appropriate. In play-hour, by general consent, there was no play; and when two or three went off, behind the Gymnasium, and tried to get up a game of marbles, on a piece of dry ground there was there, in the southern exposure, Bolmer and Guffins put a stop to it at once.

"It was just like Sunday," Whiffles said, "or Fast day, except that they did not play ball, in the afternoon."

Durkey called all the boys together, in the Gymnasium, and a meeting was held. Whiffles, who had already procured a cravat of black crape, was appointed Secretary; Bolmer, Vice President; Snippers—although the vote was not unanimous—was made Treasurer; Stebbins, Guffins and Perkins, Committee of Arrangements.

Popkins was not appointed to anything, "and there was a general feeling," among the smaller boys, that he ought not to attend. Indeed, Cropsey openly said so, and Popkins left the Gymnasium, after a little while, and went away. Durkey's speech, at the opening of the meeting, was thought very fine, and when the Committee of Arrangements reported the following resolutions, the excitement was at its height.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the stern decrees of Providence, to remove from this mundane sphere, our deceased brother, Charles T. Hubbers, whose exemplary deportment, lofty virtue, and soul-inspiring patriotism, we have witnessed in our daily avocations,

"*Resolved*, That his memory shall ever remain in our bosoms, imperishable as monumental brass, and continue as a blooming oasis in the midst of the sandy desert of life.

"*Resolved*, That we pour forth the sympathizing tear, in conjunction with the family and friends of our deceased school-mate, and wear a badge of sorrowing affliction upon our arms for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be sent to the friends of the deceased, and be published in the *Dorchester Daily Lyar*."

There was a good deal of discussion upon the phrase, "soul-inspiring patriotism," which, after a speech from Guffins, in which he alluded, feelingly, to the star-spangled banner, was carried by a large majority.

Before the meeting adjourned, Whiffles read to the boys, a letter he had prepared, as Secretary, to go to Hubbers' grandfather. It was as follows:

"My Aged Friend:—The mutability of human events, revolving in its rapid course, has taken away from our sorrowing midst, your grandson Charles, who fell a victim to the fell destroyer, on the evening of March 20th, 1860. His comrades mourn the blight, which has fallen upon them and upon your hoary head. The enclosed resolutions are the transitory expressions of our bewildering lamentations. Yours, &c.,

Henry Whiffles.

After the meeting was over, Robert Graham left the other boys, and went to find Popkins. After looking everywhere, he at last found him looking over the fence at the road.

Robert went up to him and said, "Popkins, I've got a message for you."

"Out with it, then," said Popkins, "and go off with the rest of them; you're so awful pious, I suppose, you won't speak to me any more than you can help. Is it from Neverasole?"

"No," said Robert, but he hesitated before he gave the message, and said, "I don't see why you say that, Popkins. I don't want to keep away from you, I'm sure."

"The rest do, anyhow;" said Popkins, "and it's mighty mean! They laughed, and were just as pleased as I was, when I used to tease Hubbers, and now, just because he's dead, they all turn on me. If he hadn't of died, they wouldn't have said anything about it. I'm sure I didn't know he was going to die; If I had I wouldn't have teased him. I can't see why it's so wrong now, that everybody—Guffins and all—should turn against me, when it wasn't wrong a bit, but jolly fun, three weeks ago."

"I suppose, that's just it," said Rob, "it was wrong then; but the boys have just begun to realize it. But I don't see why they should be so hard on you; I'm sure you are sorry for it."

"Sorry!" said Popkins; "I don't see what's the use of being sorry, when he's dead; he'll never know it anyhow."

"Popkins," said Rob, "I want to tell you my message. You know, that night he died, when Mrs. Jollipop came into school for me?"—

"Yes!" said Popkins, gruffly.

"Hubbers said he wanted to see me, and so I went up stairs. He didn't say much, but he said:"

"Rob, will you take a message to Popkins for me?"

"Did he say that?" said Popkins. Don't tell me what he said, for I shall remember it all my life, and it will plague me all the time."

"I don't think it will, Popkins, when you hear it."

"He told me to tell you that he knew you'd feel sorry about those times you teased him; but he hoped you wouldn't feel bad, 'because,' he said, 'I don't mind it at all now, and I shan't think of it any more.' "

There was a pause, and Robert put his hand upon Popkins. Popkins pulled his hand away, and began to whistle Yankee Doodle, as loud as he could, and walked off with his hands in his pockets.

Robert would not have known what to make of it, had he not felt a tear drop on his hand, before Popkins pulled his away; and he thought more of the tear than he did of the whistling.

That night he found, on his desk, wrapped up in a piece of an old letter, a gold tooth-pick, and written in a scrawling hand, on the paper,—"Yours truly, John Popkins"—and from that day forward, whenever Popkins bullied, he never bullied Robert Graham, and used to take sly chances to go and sit by him, and talk to him, and, when he did so, the bad words, which usually filled his mouth, were for the time, at least, forgotten. But Robert's work, for that day, was not over. He had leave to go up to the Dormitory, for a minute, to get something, he had left there; and just as he turned to go out, he heard a sigh. He looked in the direction of the sound, and there, upon his bed, lay Edward Stebbins.

"What's the matter, Ned?'

"I've got an awful headache."

He looked so forlorn and miserable, that Rob stopped, and went over to his bed, and sat down by him.

"What's the matter, Ned?" he said again.

"Enough the matter!" said Ned, "see there!" He held out to Robert a crumpled piece of paper, which Rob opened and read. It was a letter from Mr. Stebbins, in which he said:

"I cannot send you the hundred dollars; it is too much. I cannot afford it. You are unreasonable to ask it."

"What did you want a hundred dollars for?" said Rob.

"Never mind," said Ned, hastily. "I wanted it; that's all." He turned his head away, as he spoke, and hid his face in the pillow.

Rob bent over him and said, "You know I've got four five-dollar gold pieces. I could give them."

"Where did you get them," said Ned, almost fiercely.

"Never mind," said Rob. "I got them. I'll give them to you."

"I don't want them!" said Ned. "Nothing short of a hundred dollars will be of any use."

"What kind of a scrape have you got into, Ned," said Robert kindly, "that it takes a hundred dollars to get you out?"

"Scrape enough?" said Ned, "that ain't the worst of it."

"The worst of what?" said Rob."

"Why!" said Ned, eagerly, "I'm so awful wicked! If I was to die, like Hubbers, I'm sure I shouldn't go to heaven, and I keep thinking of it, all the time."

"Why don't you try to be better?" said Rob.

"Sometimes, I think I will; but what's the use of trying to be better, when there's such a lot that's wicked, behind? I can't get rid of that?"

"God will forgive you if you ask Him, through Jesus Christ, our Lord," said Robert, earnestly.

"I know they say so, said Ned, "but it don't seem to me like anything, to kneel down and ask God to forgive me—it isn't enough—I've done such lots of things!"

"Couldn't you go to some clergyman, and tell him about it? That would be hard enough. Once, when I told a lie," and the tears came rushing into Robert's eyes, as he spoke, "grandmother made me go and tell Mr. Smithett, she said it was so wicked."

"Told a lie!" said Ned, "I wish I had told only one. I've told twenty, and lots besides. You've had your grandmother to take care of you, and I've been brought up by bumps, and all that."

"I know it," said Robert, "and it was dreadfully wicked in me."

"I don't mean that," said Ned; "but I don't think I would ever dare to tell a clergyman, all I've done wrong. He wouldn't speak to me, afterwards, but turn me out of the house;" and Ned put his head over into the pillow, again.

"I'm sure he wouldn't. Mr. Smithett was very kind to me, and said some prayers for me, and I felt a great deal happier after it, and it made me feel as if I would never do the same again."

"Did it?" said Ned.

"Why don't you go down and see Dr. Neverasole, and tell him?" said Rob.

"He ain't a minister, is he?" said Ned.

"No!" said Rob, "but he's the head here."

Ned sat up in bed, "I've a great mind to."

"I would," said Rob; "but first, I would kneel down and ask God to forgive me."

"Yes!" said Ned gravely.

Rob turned and left the Dormitory. Ned heard him close the door, looked all around the Dormitory, stood for a moment irresolute, and was just about to kneel down, when the Dormitory door opened, and in came Durkey.

"Ned, I've been looking for you everywhere."

"I'm glad you've come," said Ned, "I want to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"I can't stand this trick any longer. I must tell Whooney of it!"

"Whiney's away," said Durkey.

"I know it," said Ned, "and I am going to tell Doctor Neverasole."

"So you are going to turn sneak, are you, and tell of me?"

"No!" said Ned, "I won't say a word about you. I'll tell the whole, about myself. I can't stand it, Durkey," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "and Hubbers lying dead there, too; it frightens me all the time. I must tell it, and if Whooney was to find it out, and ask about it in school, I should just drop down!" As Ned spoke, his face turned so white, that even Durkey was alarmed at his appearance.

"Well, well," he said. "I don't see why you should feel so bad about it. I want to get out of it, too, and I've just come to tell you how we can both get out, without any

further trouble; so come with me!" He laid his hand on Ned's shoulder.

"No!" said Ned, "I told Robert Graham I would go to Dr. Neverasole, and so I will!"

"Robert Graham's been putting you up to it, has he? I don't wonder he'd like to have you own up to Dr. Neverasole."

"Why so?"

"Well, all I can say is, that he's got four five-dollar gold pieces, which are marked just like some of those in Whooney's bag. Didn't he offer them to you?"

"Yes, he did!" said Rob.

"Ah! I see!" said Durkey, "he'd be glad to get a few of what he stole, into your pocket, and have you own up to Dr. Neverasole. It would get him out of the scrape."

"I don't believe it!" said Ned, "Robert Graham is a good fellow."

"Believe it, or not," said Durkey, "it is so. Just hear my plan, won't you."

"What is it?" said Rob.

"See here!" said Durkey, taking out of his pocket, what looked like a lot of money.

"Five-dollar gold pieces?" said Ned. "Where did you get them?"

"Why, no, they are not!" he added; "they are badges—gilt badges—at three dollars a hundred," said Durkey; "but they are good enough for my purpose."

"What purpose?" said Ned.

"Why, I'll put them into the bag, and, as Whooney's away in Dorchester, put the bag back into his drawer, this afternoon. He can't be the wiser till dooms-day. Come,

Ned!" he said, persuasively, "come down to my room and have some oysters!"

"No, I won't," said Ned, hastily drawing his arm away, and rushing out of the Dormitory, "I'll keep my word!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was an unpropitious time for Ned to visit Doctor Neverasole. It was a little while after dinner, when the Doctor usually took his nap; but this day, the Doctor had not been able to sleep. Even the greatest of men are subject to infirmities of the flesh, and Dr. Neverasole had—we dislike to mention it—but he actually had—a boil on the end of his nose. It was the more provoking, that he would be obliged to appear in public, the next day, at the funeral. Many things had combined to fret the Doctor. He had received several letters from anxious parents and guardians, inquiring if diphtheria were actually prevailing in the school. And one anxious mother had ridden down from Dorchester, in the mud, to investigate, herself. Then, too, he had not regarded Mrs. Neverasole's prudent advice, that in the disordered state of his blood, he should diet; and two glasses of ale, and a hearty dinner, had produced more than usual irritation, in the diseased and offending member.

Never of a very spiritual tone of mind, he was, at the moment when Ned knocked at the door, full of earthliness. The boy, full of his trouble, was not as particular, as otherwise, he would have been, in coming in the room. He wanted to relieve his overburdened soul, and was ready, metaphorically, to throw himself at the feet of the Doctor. The Doctor had become metamorphosed, to him. He

seemed like the Good Shepherd, of whom he had read, once, in the Blessed Gospel.

His eyes were full of tears, and his voice husky with emotion, as he said, "Dr. Neverasole, may I speak to you, sir?"

The Doctor did not see the tears in the boy's eye; he did not comprehend the husky voice; the eager manner awoke no responsive echo in his fatherly bosom, and his nose was itching intolerably, so he replied in a tone of ill-concealed irritation, "Yes, yes, what do you want? Please be quick, sir," he added, a little more sharply, as Ned hesitated. "My time is precious."

"I have been doing wrong," said Ned, suppressing a sob.

"Aha!" said the Doctor, "It was you, then, was it, that broke the panes of glass in Professor Pogger's recitation room?"

Four panes of broken glass had been reported to the Doctor, by the watchful professor, just before dinner, and there was no offence which seemed to the Doctor more heinous, than the wilful waste of manufactured substances.

Unluckily, Ned had, the day before, while throwing snow-balls, broken two of the panes. So all he could answer was, "Yes, sir, I broke two of them, but—"

The rest of the sentence was never finished, for the Doctors temper got rather the better of him. He rose from his chair in awful majesty.

"You wasteful, hard-hearted boy," he exclaimed, "to be breaking windows, and one of your school-fellows dead, too. Leave the room. Your spending money is forfeited for the next two months. And then," added the Doctor, "to come here snivelling, as if that would do any good."

It was with his head high in the air, with his face flushed deep crimson, with every good feeling and emotion repressed, that Ned turned quickly round and marched to the door. He did not heed a somewhat milder, "See here, sir," wherewith the Doctor intended to modify his punishment, but darted through the hall, and up the stairs to Durkey's room.

"I'm ready for you, Durkey!" was his eager exclamation; but he made the exclamation to the air, for the room was empty. He did not wish to be alone, so he went down to the school-room, and began talking, eagerly, with a knot of boys, who were gathered there. In half an hour, he went to Durkey's room again, and found Durkey sitting at the table, with his face unusually pale, and a strange expression on his countenance.

"I'm ready," he said, going up to Durkey, and putting his arm about his neck, in an affectionate way, "for any kind of fun."

"All right," answered Durkey, and then, in a lower voice, he added, "I have put the bag of counters in Whooney's room, and we are safe."

"Don't you think Whooney'll find it out!" said Ned, his voice trembling, in spite of himself.

"No, indeed," said Durkey, "Not for six months, at least; and, perhaps, never. But I thought you were going to tell Neverasole."

"Tell Dr. Neverasole," said Ned, with a laugh, it was not pleasant to hear. "I've had enough of that. I don't know what got into me. I almost made a fool of myself; but Robert Graham—"

"Look out for Robert Graham," interrupted Durkey. "It is very natural he should want you to own up to taking the money, when he has helped himself to it, too."

"How could he know I took it?" said Ned.

"He followed you out of the Dormitory, the night you climbed up the pear tree."

"How do you know?" said Ned.

"I caught him, and the next night, when you took it, he was out again. Don't you remember, he was put in the lock-up by Neverasole, for being out of his Dormitory?"

"Yes, yes," said Ned.

"It is as clear as daylight," exclaimed Durkey; "he watched you. Then he stepped into my room, and stole the money, and now he has it in his possession. Not surprising, is it, he should want you to take some of it, and own up to Neverasole?"

"I see," said Ned. "What a sneaking hypocrite he is."

"Never mind," said Durkey, fixing a curious glance on Ned, "we will be even with him. He'll find that you and I are too many for him."

Durkey said no more, for, just then, the bell for evening study, interrupted them.

The next day was the funeral. The sun rose bright and clear, and with an unwonted softness in the morning air, that gave token of the approach of spring There was a sort of ghastly inappropriateness in the pleasant sunshine, which rather added to the solemnity of the day, to the boys. They all put on their Sunday clothes, and greased their hair, as they did on Sunday mornings.

The breakfast made them realize that it was no ordinary day, by its abstemious character. The cook remarked to the kitchen girl, that it would be a shame to have buck-

wheat cakes, and Hubbers lying dead, who used to like them so—bless his little soul—with which benediction for the departed, she sent up bread and butter, and tea. To the boys, what, under ordinary circumstances, would only have provoked grumbling, seemed an appropriate testimony to the funeral occasion. Just after breakfast, Sandy went round with black crape for the left arm of each boy. Several of them had strips of crape for their caps, also, and Sandy, in full suit of black, with black crape cravat, and crape on his arm, and a thick piece on his cap, seemed quite like a widower.

At ten o'clock, there was a sensation caused by the arrival of Mr. Bitters. The boys flocked to the front windows, to look at him. Not that there was anything particular to see in Mr. Bitters, and he came in an ordinary buggy; but he was well known in the neighborhood, as a retired undertaker, who never attended funerals, except, so to speak, as a matter of pleasure. He had lived in Dorchester, and had made a comfortable property in the business, and now lived near the Academy.

He led a quiet life with Mrs. Bitters, in a pleasant little house, with a neat garden. He could never, altogether, get over his old associations, and regularly, every day, as soon as the *Dorchester Daily Lyar* reached Hubville, turned at once, not as others, to the news, but to the column of deaths.

He dwelt with thoughtful attention, on the arrangements hinted at, in the notices for the funerals. He speculated as to what undertaker would have the job. He would sometimes pause, and look up at his wife, and say, "So he has gone; I buried his wife, just five years and six months ago." Quite often he would call for an early breakfast,

and be gone all day, in Dorchester, and not return until night. On these occasions, his wife knew he would have been attending some funeral, of more than ordinary attractions. Whenever he read an account of two children dying of scarlet fever, within a day or two of each other, with the two funerals at the same time and place, he was sure to be off. When the obituary stated that carriages would be in attendance, to meet such and such a train from Dorchester, at some rural place, a few miles away, he was sure to be on hand, and in his comely suit of black, seemed like a relative of the family.

Indeed, his habits were so well known, that his presence at a funeral began to be regarded as a sort of testimony to the greater affliction of this especial occasion. In his own neighborhood, however, he attended all funerals, making no distinctions, and assumed general direction of the occasion.

Thus, his arrival at the Academy was the first symptom of the funeral. He was closeted, for some time, with the Doctor. The boys sat round in groups of two and three, and scarcely spoke above a whisper. There was a shudder and a chill went through them all, when they heard a sound of heavy foot-steps coming down from the sick-room, as of those who bore a heavy load. It passed through the hall, and by the school-room door, and into the chapel. Now, through the slush and mud, came the hearse and carriages, and stopped in front of the hall-door. Two large omnibusses, also, appeared. This was not regarded with favor, by the boys, as they were evidently intended to carry them to the funeral, and there was a decided feeling that an omnibus was hardly a sufficient tribute to the memory of their school-fellow.

The eight pall-bearers, who were busily engaged in putting on their black kid gloves—it being understood that they were to ride in carriages—regarded it as unfeeling, that any boy should notice such things. Presently, the boys were summoned to the chapel. They went in, two by two. First came Durkey, arm in arm with Bolmer, and so on, in order.

Everybody avoided Popkins, and he stood in the doorway, half inclined not to go into the chapel, when Robert put his arm in his, and they walked in, the last of all. The chapel was a large, bare room, with a platform at one end, with a sofa and a few chairs upon it. It was used, on week days, for declamations and an occasional lecture, and on Sundays, for religious worship. The benches were a good deal hacked and marked, and one curious for information, might have found many poetic effusions, generally not of a complimentary character, in regard to Dr. Neverasole, Mr. Whooney, and others. The associations of the place, were anything but solemn, and the great variety of religious exercises, held there on Sundays, did not add much to the week-day impressions. But now, the place had suddenly become consecrated. That silent form, enshrouded in the hushed darkness of the coffin, had filled the chapel with a Presence, unknown there before. A gulf, not to be crossed, separated this day from any time before, in that place. A picture of Mr. Whooney, only half done, and just lacking the well-known spectacles, stared at Edward Stebbins, as though a generation had passed away since he had begun it. There was an oppressive silence. Two horse-flies, drawn out from whatsoever cranny they had wintered in, by the soft sunshine, falling on the south

window, buzzed so loud, that Dr. Neverasole looked severely at them.

The clock, at which many an eye was wont to gaze, during the lengthened discourses of Professor Poggers, now ticked as though each tick was intended to be more emphatic than the last. Meanwhile, the Academy bell kept slowly tolling. On the sofa sat Dr. Neverasole, with a neat, black patch on the end of his nose, and the Rev. Mr. Fowler, who was to officiate. Mrs. Neverasole's face was hid in a handkerchief; so was Miss Mehitabel's, except that, as each new arrival, in the shape of some of the neighbors, entered the chapel door, she looked up with becoming resignation, to see who it was.

The service began, and as Mrs. Neverasole said, in a letter describing the exercises, "Mr. Fowler first made an eloquent address to the throne of grace, in which he alluded, in the most feeling and appropriate manner, to the Academy, its admirable system of instruction, and the excellent Principal and his kind hearted lady."

Then followed the discourse. I am afraid there was nothing very eloquent or appropriate about it; indeed, the ordinary observer would have called it unusually inappropriate; but the coffin, with its still occupant, pointed every word with an application that did not belong to them. The dead boy preached louder than the living man. It made Popkins think he would give up swearing. It set Cropsey a crying. Snippers had visions of honesty and generosity. Whiffles said a little prayer to himself, that he might be a good boy. Edward half resolved to tell Mr. Whooney.

Did it make any impression on Durkey? What could one read in that clear cut face, that smooth brow, those eyes, which showed no trace of emotion? He kept

watching every movement of Mr. Whooney—who was more uneasy and nervous than usual—and in prayer and sermon, kept his eye on him, and noted every change of position.

Now the service was over. Heavily, down the stairs, they bore the coffin. They placed it, with effect, in the hearse, and covered it with the black cloth. On moved the funeral train, slowly through mud and slush, to the Hubville cemetery. The snow lay deep and cold over many a grave, and the great fir trees waved their branches and sighed in the rising wind. The services were soon over, and the boys, who had shaken and shivered at the grave, rather enjoyed the ride back again, and with a certain guilty feeling, enjoyed a good tea, on their return.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Mrs. Jollipop, said Mr. Whooney, carefully closing the door, and looking all round the room, to see if anyone were there—"Mrs. Jollipop, my heart is broken!"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Jollipop, "I don't believe it. Your stomach must be out of order. Have a cup of tea?" She began pouring out, as she spoke, a fragrant cup of tea, from the tea-pot on the table.

"It's beyond tea," said Mr. Whooney, with a faint smile. "I have written a letter to Lucy, and told her she must not wait any longer; she will never see me again."

"What for," exclaimed Mrs. Jollipop—"after waiting so long, and saving up your money so carefully; though why you won't put it in the bank, and will continue to leave it in your top bureau drawer, to be a temptation to me, I cannot understand?"

"Oh! Mrs. Jollipop," said Mr. Whooney, his face lighting up. "Have you played a trick on me just to convince me what a fool I was. If you have, please tell me." There was an expression, half of hope, half of despair, on his face, as he spoke.

"What trick," said Mrs. Jollipop, too much struck by his evident trouble, to fail to be in earnest herself.

"See here." He drew from under his coat a heavy bag, tore open the mouth of it, and poured out a quantity of what looked like gold pieces, on the table. As he did so,

some rolled upon the floor, and away toward the under part of the cupboard. Mrs. Jollipop rushed hither and thither trying to find them.

"Never mind," he said, "they are not worth anything."

"Not worth anything," she cried, "and butter at twenty-five cents a pound, and going up every day, and they say the Southern States likely to secede, any time, all along of those niggers—not worth anything, Mr. Whooney. I'm afraid your senses are gone, instead of your heart being broken."

"See here," he said, "they are not gold, they are counters. They are no more gold than this;" and he caught hold of the brass poker, which gleamed like gold, in the flickering fire light.

Mrs. Jollipop put on her spectacles, held one up to the light, turned it over in her hand, rang it on the table, and exclaiming, "Did you ever!" sat down on her chair, with a look of blank amazement.

Mr. Whooney sat down, opposite her, and looked into the fire. Mrs. Jollipop remained silent, for a little while, and then, in an entirely different tone of voice, ejaculated, "Did you ever!" again. Before, she had said it in amazement, now it was in a suggestive sort of way, and equivalent to "go on!"

"You know," said Mr. Whooney, taking the hint, "I told you how, one night, I woke up and found a boy in my room, and when I got out of bed he was not there. The money must have been taken then."

"When did you miss it?" asked Mrs. Jollipop.

"Not till the night before the funeral, when I had occasion to use a five-dollar gold piece, and even then, so careless am I, I did not discover it until I had the mortifi-

cation of being told, by the bookseller in Hubville, that my gold piece was brass. I then rushed back to my room, and, instead of two thousand dollars, I had the bag of counters." He seized the bag, as he said it, and shook it fiercely, and then, as if he had not the energy to be angry, let it drop on the floor.

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Jollipop, wiping her eyes. "Poor fellow!" and she picked up the bag and placed it on the table. "Do you suspect anybody," she added.

"Yes," he replied, "and that's the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" cried Mrs. Jollipop; "I think that is the best of it, and, if you will tell me all about it, I will find it out, or my name is not Betsey Jollipop."

But Mr. Whooney only kept saying, with a troubled face, "That's the worst of it." Then, as if excusing himself to himself, he said, "I cannot help it; who can doubt it."

"I know who it is," said Mrs. Jollipop, "it's that Durkey. I always knew he would steal."

"Durkey!" said Mr. Whooney, with an amazed look; "I wish it were."

"Then it's Popkins," said Mrs. Jollipop, "though I would not have thought of him. He is a big bully, but he won't steal."

"No, not Popkins," said Mr. Whooney.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Jollipop, "what a ninny I am! It is Snippers. He is always buying, selling and cheating, like a pedlar."

Mr. Whooney drew his chair so that he could face Mrs. Jollipop. Mrs. Jollipop drew her chair so that she could face Mr. Whooney. There was a profound silence.

"Robert Graham!" said Mr. Whooney, and covered his face with his hands, and without heeding the indignant

exclamation of Mrs. Jollipop, poured out his proofs. "I found his knife on the floor, the next morning, after the boy was there. How did it get there?" He seemed to be answering some invisible objector, and did not wait for Mrs. Jollipop to reply. "He was out of his Dormitory that very night, and Dr. Neverasole found him out, and shut him up in the jail. What did he go out for? He had in his possession at least one five-dollar gold piece, marked with the very mark which I had put on my pieces—an L, Mrs. Jollipop."

"For Lichfield!" said Mrs. Jollipop softly.

"For Lucy," said Mr. Whooney, under his breath. "How did he get it," he added. "I asked him where, and with a guilty look, he refused to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Whooney," cried Mrs. Jollipop, getting a chance to speak. "He is a good boy, and a true boy—he could not steal."

"A good boy,"—said Mr. Whooney, rising from his seat and swinging his arms about—"no boys are good. They lie, they cheat, they swear, they are cruel and merciless. If any one is helpless and demands pity, even from a brute, they have none. They are sneaking, and fawning, and hypocrites. The most manly of them are course, and foul, and filthy. They fear not God, nor regard man. They neither mind father, nor mother, nor teacher. They are unbaptized and unregenerate. The more they know, the worse they are, because they only know the better how to do evil. They search out with a candle, the very corners of nastiness." He raised his voice almost to a scream as he spoke—"and Robert Graham! Robert Graham! he only differs from the rest of the vile crew, in having an open face and ruddy cheeks, and a clear eye, with which he

veils a more diabolical wickedness. Boys!" said Mr. Whooney, and here he stopped and rocked himself backward and forward in his chair, as if in an agony.

"Wait till you know the girls," answered Mrs. Jollipop. She was sorry as soon as she had said it, for his momentary passion had passed away, and he went on, "Girls! there was only one, and she was young and fair."

"What fools men are," thought Mrs. Jollipop; "I've seen her photograph, and she was as ugly as sin." This was only thought, not said.

"It is ten years ago, now, and I thought it would not be more than five," continued Mr. Whooney. "She has waited patiently, and well, but, it has come to an end now, and though, I dare say, she will feel bad at first, it will be better at the last. I shall never see Lichfield again; nor Lucy."

"Keep up a good heart, Mr. Whooney," said Mrs. Jollipop. She did not say anything about Lucy; the truth was, Mrs. Jollipop did not like Lucy. Lucy, she had been told by Mr. Whooney, was the daughter of a Minor Canon, of the Cathedral of Lichfield, and, not being versed in ecclesiastical terms, she connected the poor girl with gun-powder, and explosions, and the Fourth of July; and besides, had not Miss Hetty Neverasole confided her own tender feeling for Mr. Whooney, to the sympathizing bosom of Mrs. Jollipop. Many a time, after she had got into bed at night, had Mrs. Jollipop, though by no means bloodthirsty, in her castles in the air, killed off Dr. and Mrs. Neverasole, married Mr. Whooney to Miss Hetty, and started the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, on a new basis, with great success, financially and religiously. Thus, the loss of Lucy, seemed to Mrs. Jollipop, not nearly so

dreadful as the loss of the two thousand dollars. So she added—"We will get back the money; I will find out the thief—boys are not so bad as they look, Mr. Whooney. I remember when I used to think they were all angels."

"Angels!" said Mr. Whooney, bitterly; "what got into you?"

"That was a good while ago," continued Mrs. Jollipop, musingly, "a good while before I knew Popkins. The truth is, boys are a mixture, made up of original sin and something good besides. When the original sin comes out, then you think they are devils—when the good shows itself, and it does sometimes, you think they are angels."

"Angels!" groaned Mr. Whooney again.

"And education," continued Mrs. Jollipop, smoothing down her apron, "is bringing out the goodness and keeping down the original sin. And you can't do that without religion, and that's what's the matter with the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. That's what I've told that Poggers, fifty times, if I have once. And, as for Robert Graham, if he stole, I did. What poor kind of proof you've got.—Now there's the knife—another boy might have borrowed it of him, and dropped it, or left it there on purpose; and he might have been out of the Dormitory for a hundred things, and as for the five-dollar gold piece—well some boy might have passed it off on him." She stopped, for she was not quite satisfied with this last, and then added, "I'll ask him where he got it, and if he says from home, I'll write, or get you to write, to Dorothy Bersimore, who is my old friend, though she never could make jelly that was fit to eat, and her sausage—pooh!" said Mrs. Jollipop, "pooh! I'll tell you what, I will run up and ask Robert Graham now. I hear the boys

going up to their Dormitory, and he will tell me." She moved out of the room quickly, and after about a quarter of an hour returned.

"What did he say?" said Mr. Whooney.

"It's all right," cried Mrs. Jollipop, triumphantly. As she spoke she jingled four five-dollar gold pieces in her hand.

"All right!" said Mr. Whooney, hearing the jingle. "Has the wretched thief made restitution!"

"Thief! Not he," replied Mrs. Jollipop.

"What is it, then?" said Mr. Whooney. "Did you ask him where he got the money?"

"I said to him, 'Robert why do you carry so much money about in your pocket?' He said, 'Because I have no better place to keep it.'"

"The wretch!" ejaculated Mr. Whooney.

"'Give it to me,' says I," went on Mrs. Jollipop. "So he gave me these;" as she spoke, she laid four five-dollar gold pieces on the table, while Mr. Whooney, taking them up, one after another, eagerly pointed to the rough L. scratched upon each of them.

"That doesn't show it," said Mrs. Jollipop, answering his motion, "somebody else may have done it on Robert's gold pieces to get him into the scrape."

"No! No!" said Mr. Whooney, still more eagerly; "I remember this piece, particularly, by the stain upon it. It was made by some sort of acid, which Prof. Goshkins, who was in my room, spilled on it. There can be no doubt about it."

"Wait!" said Mrs. Jollipop—"I asked him where he got them, and he said he supposed Mrs. Dorothy would not care if he told me that he got them from home. So, Mr.

Whooney, I will write to Mrs. Dorothy to-night. Other people may have acids besides Prof. Goshkins."

Mrs. Jollipop was as good as her word, and at once, with some occasional assistance from Mr. Whooney, wrote the following epistle to Mrs. Dorothy:

"Dorchester Academy.

"*My Dear Dorothy Bersimore:*—I am well at the time of writing, and hope you enjoy the same blessing, except the rheumatics in my left hand, caused by too thin flannels, at two and six pence a yard, bought in Hubville of Mr. Smirk, whose wife died three months ago with six small children, the youngest only two years, and all sick with the measles. Pickles are dear, and so is butter, all along of the proposed secession, which I never could see any use in, and do not understand, for I would not have a colored servant, and never have had, except Dinah, and she is a good cook, but dirty as a pig, and always quarreling with Margaret and Mary Ann, which has too many followers, and all of them cousins, a thing I never could stand. Give my respects to Mrs. Graham, of whom I have heard Robert Graham tell, whose excellent deportment is very satisfactory to all except that Poggers, whose mother was a factory girl at Poley, and never visited in the best circles, and never will, though she is dead now, and gone, though she never deserved to—and so don't any of us—to Heaven.

"I have an exce lent recipe for sausages, which everybody says are the best in the State, which I will send you any time that you will write, and am

"Your True Friend,

"Betsey Jollipop."

This letter Mrs. Jollipop read in a triumphant way to Mr. Whooney, and was quite overcome when he suggested that she had not asked the question she wished to ask; so she added the following postscript, writing and re-writing it, several times, to make it express exactly her meaning:

"P. S.—Speaking of pickles, some folks will use acids instead of pure cider vinegar, and so spill them on things, as laces, cuffs, aprons, mantillas, not to speak of undergarments, and, even money. Robert Graham is very fond of me, and gives me his money to keep, which is a very important responsibility, as it is four five-dollar gold pieces sent him as a present from his Grandmother and you, with acid spilled on one of them; and too much money for a boy at one time, with Hubville so near by, and many bad companions, though, an uncommonly good boy, and why did you send it to him?

"P. S.—Please answer immediately, as I am for particular reasons anxious to know about it, though nothing out of the way, I trust."

To which the following note came by return of mail:

"DANVILLE.

"*My Dear Mrs. Jollipop.*—Mrs. Dorothy Bersimore, who, is not much of a letter writer, has asked me to reply to your kind favor just received. She will, at her leisure, answer you in regard to the pickles and sausages. I am, however, exceedingly anxious about my grandson Robert. No money has been sent him from home—a thing I do not approve of, either by Mrs. Dorothy or myself. I should at once go to Dorchester, were I not prevented by my very feeble health, which makes even the task of letter-writing a

difficulty. I have written to Robert and Dr. Neverasole by this same mail, and shall await with anxiety the replies.

"I am very gratefully yours,

"MAGDALEN GRAHAM."

To Dr. Neverasole Mrs. Graham wrote, begging him to inquire into the matter, as fully as possible; and to Robert she wrote, also, an affectionate letter, asking what it meant.

Mrs. Jollipop was confounded. Robert had told her that Mrs. Dorothy had sent him the gold pieces, and here was a letter from Mrs. Graham, stating that no money had been sent Robert, from home. Could Robert have lied? She went about for several hours, with the letter in her hand, quite upset, and almost baked it in a mince pie she was preparing for the dinner of the Polytechnic establishment.

Mr. Whooney, to whom, with many urgent entreaties for profound secrecies, she communicated the contents of the letter, only shook his head half sorrowfully, half fiercely, and replied, "I told you so!"

Mrs. Jollipop could not resist also telling the whole story—under the promise, repeated at least twenty times, that she would never tell—no—not even her mother—to Miss Hetty Neverasolé, who, what between her pleasure at the thought of the engagement with Lucy being broken, and her sympathy for Mr. Whooney, and her firm belief in Robert Graham's innocence, was in a most pitiable condition, and went about, dying to tell somebody, and, at least, letting every one know that she had something to tell, if she only could.

CHAPTER IX.

"I don't believe it," said Popkins—"he wouldn't do that, anyhow."

"Nor I," said Bolmer. "He's a little too religious, and all that; but he's not a thief."

"I'm sure he didn't do it," said Ned Stebbins, with his face as white as it well could be, and his upper lip strangely trembling. As he spoke, a hand was laid upon his arm, and Durkey—his face slightly flushed—interrupted:

"Anyhow, there is mighty strong proof against him."

"What is it?" said they all, in a breath.

"Why, his knife was found in Whooney's room. He was out of the Dormitory the night the money was taken, and they have found four of the gold pieces in his pocket. He said, too, that he got them from home, and Doctor Neverasole heard from his grandmother that that was a lie."

Guffins, who was standing by, gave a long whistle, and Snippers began to reflect, a little uneasily, upon a five-cent piece he had abstracted, only the day before, from Whiffles' desk. People did get found out, sometimes, and he took the opportunity, shortly afterwards, to restore the five-cent piece, and also two slate pencils, four sheets of paper, a piece of chalk, three marbles, and a stick of candy, and nobody was louder in his denunciations, thereafter, of such wickedness, than Snippers. The boys were greatly excited.

There had been an awful hush of silence in the school, when Dr. Neverasole, who had had long consultations with all the Professors, and had examined Mrs. Jollipop and Mr. Whooney, entered the study.

"How dreadful the Doctor did look," said Cropsey to a little boy named Dummer, who was now his intimate friend, "when he said, 'Robert Graham, stand up!'"

"Yes," answered Dummer, "and how awful guilty Rob Graham looked. He knew he was found out, then. I wouldn't have been him, for a good deal."

"That's the window," said Cropsey, looking up to the third story, as they walked along.

"Is he up there?" said Dummer. "What do you think they will do with him?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they sent him to State's Prison, unless his grandmother begs him off, and pays up pretty handsomely, to Mr. Whooney. He must be an awful bad boy; and his grandmother not likely to live long, too."

"What do you suppose he used to say his prayers for, those times, and make believe he was so good?" asked Dummer.

"All for beans," replied Cropsey, and they walked away. They walked around the play ground for quite a time, and finally, to the other side of the Gymnasium, where, in a place where the earth seemed to have been loosened a little, as they walked they kicked at it, trying as they did so, to kick the loose ground up into each other's face. Presently Dummer's foot caught in something which seemed like an old rag, and which, as it stuck tight in the ground, required considerable energy to move it. He was bent on kicking it at Cropsey, if he could. Presently a large piece of the earth was loosened, and stopping the

kicking, he stooped to pick it up and throw it at Cropsey.

"What's this?" he cried, and pulled up what seemed to be a bag of something. He shook it as he spoke and added, "It must be somebody's marbles; but how did they get down there?"

"Let me see," said Cropsey.

The bag was carefully tied with a string, and it took them some time to get it loose. For a little time longer they scuffled to see which should get his hand first into the bag. Cropsey, however, succeeded, and drew out a five-dollar gold piece. With a shout of amazement, Dummer poured out the rest upon the ground. There were thirty-five in all, and with them rolled out a piece of paper. It looked like the back of a letter and was directed to Master Robert Graham, Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, with the post mark, Danville.

"Oh, dear!" said Cropsey, "it is Mr. Whooney's money, and here is a piece of one Robert Graham's letter in with it. He must have hid it here," and seizing the bag, followed by Dummer, and by several other boys, to whom he told the story by snatches, as well as his breathless condition would admit, he rushed to Dr. Neverasole's study. Dr. Neverasole had not said, "come in." Indeed, he was talking to Mr. Stebbins, whom he had summoned from Dorchester; but the boys supposed he had said so when they knocked, and pressed into the study. Cropsey, with his face flushed with running and excitement; Dummer, fearful lest Cropsey should get all the credit of the discovery; the other boys open-mouthed to hear all that could be heard; Dr. Neverasole, half angry and half curious, and Mr. Stebbins much annoyed, made up the scene.

"I have found,—"said Cropsey.

"I picked it up," said Dummer.

"We saw them," said two of the other boys.

"Its Mr. Whooney's money," said all the boys at once, as Cropsey laid the bag on the table.

"I thought so," said Mr. Stebbins; "no doubt he lost it. I have always found out that half the supposed thieving, is nothing but somebody's carelessness."

Dr. Neverasole opened the bag, carefully poured out the pieces—counted them, and said aloud, "thirty-five; there should be four hundred," and then, turning to Cropsey, commanded him to give an account of the matter. This Cropsey did, with occasional assistance and corrections from Dummer. When he came to the piece of paper, Dr. Neverasole put his hand into the bag, and, drawing it out, handed it to Mr. Stebbins.

"I am afraid that settles the matter, Mr. Stebbins," he said.

Mr. Stebbins did not answer, but moved away to the window.

"You can go, boys," said Dr. Neverasole, and out they went, and Cropsey and Dummer were soon in the midst of a crowd of boys, telling the story, with a full description of all they felt and imagined, and a powerful picture of Mr. Stebbins' state of mind, when the piece of paper was presented to him.

Meanwhile, Dr. Neverasole only repeated what he said before.

"Mr. Stebbins, I am afraid that settles the matter."

"Yes," said Mr. Stebbins. "Dr. Neverasole,' he added, "my wife was right. Phrenology is a wonderful science. She examined his bumps and said, at once, Robert Graham

was a bad boy. His organism is incomplete. He is not morally responsible."

"Not morally responsible?" said Dr. Neverasole, "He is a very bright boy, and not, in the least, idiotic."

"Have you not read Professor Smith's admirable article in the *Progressive Freeman*, on the subject?" asked Mr. Stebbins. "It shows, most conclusively, that, what between inherited tendencies, the influences of the stomach and the nerves, the old-fashioned notions of right and wrong are quite absurd. I hope, myself, to live to see the day when sermons on food, ventilation and hygiene, generally, will take the place of the dreamy discourses we hear in our orthodox churches.

"No doubt," replied Dr. Neverasole, "but what shall be done with your nephew? I feel very sorry, as you have been always a patron of the Academy; but I cannot keep him at the school. The two thousand dollars must be paid, and he must go; otherwise there will be public exposure. As it is, I am afraid the reputation of the school is injured." "What did he do it for?" he added, in an angered tone of voice, as the thought of the injury done to the Academy, made the worthy Doctor realize more fully, the sin of which Robert had been guilty.

"Two thousand dollars is a large sum," said Mr. Stebbins. "It must, however, be paid, and the boy has property enough. I must, however, first have his written acknowledgment that the debt is a just one, to secure myself, as I am only his guardian."

"That is easy enough," said Dr. Neverasole, "with such proof, he cannot continue to deny it. Will you see him, Mr. Stebbins?"

"I suppose, I must," replied Mr. Stebbins.

They went up stairs together—Dr. Neverasole unlocked the door and walked in, followed by Mr. Stebbins. Upon the bed sat Robert; on a table, beside him, was some untasted bread and water. The sun struggled into the window, through the floating March clouds, and lighted up the bare cheerlessness of the room. Poor Robert's face was pale, his hair not nicely brushed, and he looked guilty and miserable, as he rose up from the bed. "Uncle," he said, stepping out and stretching out his hand, "I did not do it, I did not do it," and burst into tears. Mr. Stebbins would have been affected by such an appearance of sorrow, but that, feeling sure, as he did, that Robert was guilty, it looked to him like the height of hypocrisy, so he did not take the outstretched hand. There was no answer to the appealing tears; he only said, very sternly, "There is no use in crying and making believe any longer; you are guilty, and you know it, and you may as well acknowledge it at once." "Uncle," cried Robert; "Dr. Neverasole," he added, turning from his uncle's stern look, as if seeking for a friend in the Doctor, "you do not think I did it; I could not have done it." Sobs choked his utterance, until at last, as there came no answer from either, with a great gulp he swallowed down his sorrow, and stood waiting.

"My son," said Dr. Neverasole, with a blending of the paternal and the magisterial, which he had often found very impressive, "your crime is discovered. You remember, I caught you out of your Dormitory the very night the money was taken. A boy was seen, that very night, in Mr. Whooney's room; your knife was found upon the floor; four of the five-dollar pieces were found in your possession marked with the L. which Mr. Whooney had scratched upon them, and now, as if to bring your guilty deeds to

light, thirty-five of the pieces have been found where you hid them. Whose letter is this?" he said, interrupting himself, and handing the envelope to Robert.

"Mine!" said Robert, "I got it from Mrs. Dorothy about ten days ago."

"Yes," said Mr. Stebbins, breaking in on Dr. Neverasole, "and it was found with the thirty-five pieces, in the very spot where you hid them."

Robert was confused and bewildered; but at last he spoke: "Uncle, I went out of my Dormitory that night after Ned, who was off, for something or another."

"Ned!" said Mr. Stebbins angrily; "you try to turn off your wrong on him, do you? Such meanness will not serve you. Ned is as true and pure as you seem to be the opposite." Mr. Stebbins paused and Dr. Neverasole resumed:

"Where did you get the four five-dollar gold pieces?"

"I thought I got them from home," said Robert.

"You thought!" said Mr. Stebbins.

"I know I did not, now, for grandmother has written me, asking about it; but a letter came from Mrs. Dorothy, in somebody else's hand-writing, saying she could not write herself, enclosing the money."

"Where is that letter?" asked Dr. Neverasole.

"I looked for it when I got grandmother's letter, but it was gone. Dr. Neverasole," he said, "somebody has been playing a trick on me; the knife I do not remember about, but I have often lent it; and I do not know what you mean about my hiding thirty-five pieces."

"Robert Graham!" exclaimed Dr. Neverasole, "how do you dare to go on in such a course of miserable lying. You stole the money, and you know it! You never received

any letter from Mrs. Dorothy, and you know it! You hid thirty-five of the pieces, and the very envelope which you say is yours, bears witness to it! Now sir, you cannot get rid of what you have done, but you may, at least, acknowledge your wrong, and make restitution for it. I shall not openly expose you. You will be withdrawn from the school. Your Grandmother will be spared the pain and sorrow, and you can begin life again, and never do so any more, and learn, what all the teachings of the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy ought long since to have taught you, that honesty is the best policy."

"More than this," added Mr. Stebbins, with his lips compressed, "You must acknowledge it, and let me pay Mr. Whooney the $2000, or else the law shall take its course. We must all be disgraced—your Grandmother, who lies at home, near her end—be killed by it, and you go to State Prison for a term of years.

Robert did not seem to hear the next; he only cried, "Grandma dying? Let me go to her; she will believe me." He was darting by them to the door, as if he would start at the moment for Danville, but Mr. Stebbins stopped him.

"I did not say she was dying, and such an affectation on your part does not deceive me. I only mean to say, that if you do not acknowledge what you have done, it may kill her. You have the two courses before you; acknowledgement and forgiveness—for we do not mean to be too hard on you"—he added a little more gently, "or exposure, the disgrace of us all, and State Prison."

"Uncle," said Robert, "how can I acknowledge what I have not done?"

Mr. Stebbins did not heed him; but taking pen, ink and paper, he had brought up stairs with him, and sitting down at the little table wrote:

"I acknowledge, with deep sorrow, that I have stolen from Mr. Whooney the sum of $2000, and I hereby empower my uncle and guardian, R Stebbins, Esq., to pay this amount, on my behalf, to Mr. Whooney."

Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, March 18.

"Sign this," he said, "and you will leave the school for home to-day, and begin life again."

"Go home to-day?" said Robert, not quite taking in what was required of him. He would have done almost anything to be at home again. The sun shining in on the dreary room, the cold and unsympathizing look on the faces of his Uncle and the Doctor, the thought of his Grandmother, lying ill, perhaps believing him to be guilty, and he not able to defend himself; all these, in one way or another, moved him. He took the paper in his hand, he read it carefully over, his Uncle handed him the pen, and, as he did so, said, "sign it and we leave in an hour."

"Stolen from Mr. Whooney?" said Robert aloud, the full force of the words dawning, suddenly, upon him. "Uncle, you mean me to acknowledge myself a thief."

"Certainly, sir," said his uncle, "when we all know you have been one."

Robert dropped the paper on the floor; he looked this way and that way; there seemed nobody to help him; the boys outside, cried and shouted, in their play; when, suddenly, a verse of Psalms seemed to sound somewhere down his throat, as if one had spoken it, "I will make thy righte-

ousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon-day;" and there was almost a smile on his face as he answered, "Uncle, I cannot do it."

"Hardened fellow," said Dr. Neverasole, who saw the half smile, and did not hear the text—as how could he—never reading the Psalms, and having considerable doubts about their inspiration, anyhow.

Mr. Stebbins walked up and down the room and then said, sternly, "You have your choice, sir. With Dr. Neverasole's permission, I will give you twenty-four hours for consideration, and then the law must take its course; meanwhile, I shall consult your grandmother." They both left the room together. It soon spread abroad, among the boys, that Robert Graham had twenty-four hours for consideration, and if he did not own up he would get it.

"Might as well do it at once," said Whiffles.

"I wonder what he did with the rest of it?" said Snippers, "thirty-five from four hundred leaves—leaves one hundred and sixty-five," and Snippers spent a good part of the next play-hour in looking in all sorts of places, with a view to the discovery of the rest. Indeed, more or less everybody in the whole establishment was affected by Robert's probation. Prof. Poggers went and reasoned with Robert, most clearly and convincingly, upon the sin of stealing, and the necessity of confession, and came away with a sense of moral exultation and the firm conviction that few boys so young could possibly be so abandoned. "But for his excellent training in the theological school at Cambridge," he told Dr. Neverasole, "he would, almost, have become convinced of the truth of the doctrine of original sin, if not of total depravity."

What Dr. Neverasole told him about the article in the *Progressive Freeman*, on the influence of nerves, stomach organism, inherited tendencies, etc., quite reassured him, however, in regard so his theological views, but left him more than ever convinced of the wickedness of Robert Graham.

Indeed, Robert's supposed wickedness produced an effect upon the whole school, in one way or another. From the little room in which he was shut up, went out a sort of influence, affecting people differently, in accordance with their several conditions. It seemed as if the whole school nerved itself to one mighty effort to bring him to confess his sin; and from the quiet boy sitting on the bed, and hearing what each one had to say, who came to him, went forth a something, they knew not what, to each.

For that day, at least, the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, according to the measure of its spiritual powers, headed by its worthy chief, Dr. Neverasole, labored for the conversion of a sinner.

The excitement reached its height, when, at the Evening Prayers in chapel, which were held once a month, on a Wednesday evening, and happened to come that night, Professor Poggers led in prayer, and especially commended to the throne of grace, "their deluded, sinful brother."

Dr. Neverasole allowed anyone, who thought he or she could influence the boy, to call and see him. Mr. Whooney talked a long time to him, and told Mrs. Jollipop, afterwards, "I told him I was sure he had taken the money. I told him what a loss it was, and what a dreadful misfortune it was to me, to give up all my hopes. I begged him, anyhow, to own up, so that the money might be paid to me by

his uncle. I told him I would forgive him if he would only do so."

"What did he say?" said Mrs. Jollipop.

"He just cried a little, and when I thought he was going to own it up, he said he could not do it, he had never touched it, and God would bring it all to light."

"That vexed me," said Mr. Whooney, "and I know it was wrong; but I forgot about him, and said what I have often thought, 'what have I done that I should have so many trials,' and Robert muttered something about people being made perfect through suffering. What does he know about sufferings? If he's innocent, though, and I almost believe he is," added Mr. Whooney, "all this is pretty hard on him."

"Innocent," said Mrs. Jollipop, "of course, he's innocent; nothing will convince me to the contrary." So Mrs. Jollipop kept going to see him and exhorting him to stand firm, and went out each time, ready to fight with anybody who dared to look as if they thought Robert were guilty.

Miss Hetty Neverasole, who was the only person in the Academy who agreed with Mrs. Jollipop, also called, and to Robert's intense confusion, kissed him three times, and would have done so four or five, had not Robert retreated as far off as the narrow limits of the room permitted. Mrs. Neverasole spent quite a time with him, and kept saying, "it's a great deal better to own it; it would save a lot of trouble. Nehemiah won't give in; he never does. I was once in a State Prison, and it was an awful place; there were three murderers, two forgers and a crazy woman, who was shut up in a cage. I don't see what boys steal for; but if they do, why don't they tell of it, and give back all that's left." Being a woman of a strong imagination, she

also described a hanging she had once witnessed, and how she covered her face with her hands, and screeched when the sheriff put the black cap on; and what lots of peanuts she had eaten all that morning, and how the man who was hanged, began with stealing, and would not own it up. With which cheerful picture, she left Robert to himself.

So the night came on, and star after star glimmered through the window, for they had allowed him no light, and the noises of the building died away, and the sounds of the boys' voices grew fainter and fainter, and the footsteps in the hall ceased, and everything was still. By his bedside, the boy knelt and prayed, and sobbed and prayed again, and fell asleep on his knees, with a gleam from a star falling upon him.

"Put it here," said Popkins, in a gruff whisper.

"That's it," answered Ned Stebbins, in another whisper, as they placed the ladder, just underneath the window of the jail.

"You go first," said Ned.

Slowly, in the darkness—hand over hand—they mounted the ladder. Popkins gently raised the sash, and quietly lowered himself into the room. In doing so, he just saved himself from upsetting the table, with the bread and water upon it. He quickly lighted a small lantern he held in his hand, and gave Ned enough light to ascend quite noiselessly. They both stood together, and, scared by the stillness, looked around the room. Popkins threw the light upon the bed, and it shone upon the kneeling and sleeping boy. It was with a very gentle hand that Popkins shook Robert slightly, almost as if he were afraid to waken him. Robert moved uneasily and muttered, "Grandmamma, I did not do it."

Ned did not catch the sound of the words, and whispered to Popkins, "What did he say?"

"He said," answered Popkins, "what I knew he'd always say, 'I did not do it.'"

Then Popkins shook him again, and whispered, in a voice like what he had often heard at the Dorchester Theatre, "Escape! Escape!"

"Who is it?" cried Robert, now thoroughly awake.

"Hush!" said Popkins; "it's me and Ned Stebbins; we've got a ladder at the window, and we'll go over with you to Hubville. The stage leaves for Danville at six in the morning, and then you are all right."

"Does anybody think I stole it?" asked Robert.

"Almost everybody," said Popkins, "except me and Ned."

"I know you didn't," said Ned.

"And I am sure of it, anyhow," said Popkins, "and if you did, I'll stand by you, old fellow."

He gave Robert a great grip with his huge hand, as he spoke, "And here is something for you," he continued, drawing out of his pocket a sausage, an apple and a lemon.

"What would be the use of running away," said Robert, "they could find me at Danville, as well as here."

"Couldn't you hide in the well, or up in the garret, or in a cupboard where they keep the gingerbread?" said Popkins.

"I am just as much obliged to you, Popkins, for thinking of me, but I cannot run away; that would be just the same as saying I did it. It would be as bad, almost, as signing the paper."

"Ned," he added, as if a sudden thought struck him, "what were you out of your Dormitory for, the night the

money was taken? I went out to look for you, because I thought you were doing something wrong, and that's one reason why they think I took it. Ned, don't you know anything about it?"

He turned an appealing look on his cousin, and Popkins let the light of the lantern fall full on Ned's face. His face was white and his teeth clenched together.

"Tell me," said Robert, "if you know."

Who can tell what Ned would have answered, but a slow step on the lower hall, as of one going the rounds, and about to mount to the floor above, made Popkins blow out the lantern.

"We shall be found out," he whispered; "come Robert."

"I cannot," said Robert, and in a moment more the boys had clambered out of the window, and were down the ladder. In about half an hour, Popkins stuck his head in the window again, and said, "Good night; I believe you, anyhow," and Robert heard him take the ladder away.

The footstep was only Mr. Whooney going to bed; so the boys might have stayed, for the poor man was more dazed than ever, by something that had just befallen him. He had betaken himself, when his duties were over, to Mrs. Jollipop's room, as he often did. It was a pleasant change, after the noise and confusion of the study hour he had to keep, and never had seemed pleasanter than on that evening. There was an air of snug comfort about the house-keeper's room. The fire burned cheerily, in an open fire-place. A tea-kettle sang pleasantly over the fire. The tall presses, round the room, sent forth an odorous smell. The cat purred on the rug. A great rocking-chair, softly cushioned, stood waiting for him. A cup of tea and a slice of toast, with a little of Mrs. Jollipop's raspberry jam, was

on the table; and Mrs. Jollipop herself, resting after the labors of the day, in a clean cap and white apron, was a pleasing sight enough. To-night, too, Miss Hetty Neverasole, who looked more than usually comely, with a fresh glow on her clear skin, added to the homelike look of the apartment. With such a subject to talk over as the theft, and Robert Graham's guilt or innocence, and the warm fire in front, was it strange that they should draw their chairs close together, Mr. Whooney between the two, and talked confidentially?

Pleasantly did the fire light up Miss Hetty's fair countenance, and the sparks from the hickory log flew out, as sparks are won't to do—as though they, at least, appreciated her.

At last there was a long silence, when suddenly, as if it had thundered in a clear sky, Miss Hetty burst into tears. She put her cambric pocket handkerchief to her face, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Miss Hetty?" said Mr. Whooney, quite scared. "Mrs. Jollipop, do speak to her; something dreadful must have happened to her."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" said Mrs. Jollipop.

Meanwhile, the afflicted Miss Hetty swayed to and fro, in the intensity of her emotions, and at last her head—how strange it was—fell over on Mr. Whooney's shoulder, with her handkerchief still covering her countenance.

Poor Mr. Whooney had never been placed in such circumstances before, and he did not know what to do.

"Poor angelic child," said Mrs. Jollipop, "her heart is almost broken."

At this Miss Hetty sobbed again, uncontrollably; and her cheek touched Mr. Whooney's cheek.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Whooney, whereat Mrs. Jollipop exclaimed:

"It's all right, Hetty; he calls you his dear."

"Thine forever!" murmured Miss Hetty, in a low voice, quite as she supposed Arabella Lucinda must have done under similar circumstances, in that charming novel "Green as the Grass is He."

How it all came about, Mr. Whooney never actually knew, but when, with slow and anxious footsteps, he went to bed that night, Lucy and Lichfield seemed further away than ever; and he did not know, but was very much afraid, that Miss Hetty thought that he and she were engaged. He had not meant it; but what could he do, poor soul?

CHAPTER X.

A small, two-story house, with an attic, was the residence of the Bishop of Dorchester. It stood not far from St. Bridget's Church, and was quite overshadowed by the stately proportions of the parsonage of St. Bridget's, where Dr. and Mrs. Gooby had lived now fifteen years, and with much comfort and respectability were steadily advancing towards the Kingdom of Heaven. A larger house, however, the Bishop hardly needed, for a Diocese of sixty thousand square miles, and a very small salary, gave him little time to be at home, and less money to spend when he chanced to be there. In the brief intervals which he passed in the See city of the Diocese, he was busily employed in the meetings of the Standing Committees, Missionary Board, and in answering the accumulated pile of letters from every quarter of the huge Diocese. Meanwhile there were, at least, three or four Bishops, besides himself, in the city of Dorchester. We do not mean the Roman Catholic Bishop, or the Methodist Bishop, or the excellent Pastor of the First Presbyterian Society; but the four Episcopal Rectors, who were really the Bishops of Dorchester. Dr. Gooby was the Low Church Bishop, Dr. Smoother was the High and Dry Bishop, Dr. Perkins was the Ritualistic Bishop, and Mr. Merler, who had the new Mission Church, was a sort of Bishop-at-large, and was at once, Low, High and

Dry, and Ritualistic, as the necessity of his Episcopate demanded.

There had almost been a fifth Bishop in Dorchester, when the excellent Dr. Gooby had procured that very captivating young graduate of the Dorchester University, the Rev. Mr. Arnold, as his assistant. There was a certain mistiness and vagueness about his preaching, when talking about the great doctrines of the faith—a new way of presenting things—a great deal about culture, and certain contemptuous allusions to all the other Bishops, as though he were possessed of some especial gospel that they had never heard of, which greatly delighted a portion of the congregation of St. Bridget.

The gentlemen who rarely attended church, and were supposed to merit the Kingdom of Heaven, by moral virtues which made the Sacraments unnecessary for their peculiar idiosyncracies; the retired school teachers, of whom there were a great many in Dorchester; all the trustees of the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy, who were members of St. Bridget's; Mr. Stebbins, the editor of the *Progressive Freeman*, who although not a Churchman, always went to hear Mr. Arnold—all these greatly admired him. Indeed, it was thought by all that when Dr. Gooby should be translated to that higher sphere, for which his virtues so pre-eminently fitted him, Mr. Arnold would unquestionably succeed him. He seemed, so to speak, to possess the right of succession, and, but for the unfortunate circumstance that Dr. Gooby still preferred to remain awhile longer in the flesh, and Mrs. Gooby stirred up a great breeze, on the subject of justification by faith, Mr. Arnold had been the fifth Episcopal Bishop in Dorchester.

He prudently, however, retired from the field, and is now the Rector of St. Thomas' Church, in the town of Didimus.

Now, the real Bishop had to walk warily, as one may well suppose, amidst these opposing Episcopates. What time he had to spare from his letters and his journeys, and his necessary meetings, was spent in trying to walk warily. The principle to divide and rule, which the former Bishop of Dorchester had admirably acted on, quite failed him, inasmuch as division had reached its highest possible degree of development, and the only thing upon which the other Bishops were agreed, was in resisting any possible encroachments of the real Bishop. He had begun, poor soul, with the enthusiasm of youth, to have visions of a Cathedral, a Sisterhood, Christian schools, men working with him, a body of clergy living in his house—to which last his wife totally objected—and of many other things.

Well had it been for the Bishop of Dorchester, had he heeded the sage advice of the prudent Bishop of Laodicea. "My dear Bishop," he said, "all this is very well. The primitive church was a fine thing, I have no doubt. I hope you will succeed, but we Episcopal Bishops cannot expect to be anything more than machines for ordaining and confirming. You have a little ritualistic tendency, my dear Dorchester, though, of course, as in duty bound, you would stoutly deny it. So have I. Now, our robes are not handsome; but a good traveling overcoat, a pair of heavy boots, and a wide-awake—they ought to be the Episcopal vestments. They suit our traveling functions. For pastoral staff, I should suggest a large railway pass, on the end of a good, stout cane. Indeed, added this thoughtful prelate, I am not sure but that, as railways are multiplied, and station houses increase in beauty, with little flower beds about them

and everything proper, it might be a convenience to have the confirmation candidates duly drawn up in them, and with laying on of hands, two at a time, and a short address, it might be almost as well, and enable one to make more frequent visitations. Indeed, now that so many Churchmen are railway men, there might be special confirmation trains. You think I am joking, my dear brother. There is a great deal of talk, in the Church newspapers, about the See system, and so on, but the Bishop, who tries to be a Bishop, had better prepare himself for martyrdom; the stake they will tie him to, will be his own Cathedral; they will pile Church newspapers around for faggots; all the rectors of the city, with their vestries, will stand about with lucifer matches, and what a bonfire he will make. Now, my dear brother, do not try it; travel over the 60,000 square miles. If the Bishop is to be butter for the Episcopal bread, spread him over as large a slice as possible. Be prudent, and avoid difficult questions; do not try to lead anybody; never command; advise when you can; sit on movements and take care of your health, and leave the improvements to the next generation of Bishops."

Wise Bishop of Laodicea. Is he not now in Paradise, with St. Cyprian, whom he so greatly resembled! Why did not the Bishop of Dorchester heed him? At first, the lesser Bishops of the city had been quite taken with the idea of a Cathedral.

"Let St. Bridget's be the Cathedral," exclaimed Dr. Gooby. "You can ordain and confirm, occasionally, in it, and of course, I shall be glad to have you preach now and then, of an afternoon."

"I have already had a Bishop's chair, with a beautifully carved pastoral staff, placed in my chancel," said Dr. Per-

kins, the Rector of St. Jerome's. "You will always take the rear of the procession, and officiate pontifically. In other respects, my vestry insist on everything remaining in *statu quo*."

"I have no objections to a Cathedral," said the admirable rector of St. George's, "but we have gone on well enough for five and twenty years, without one, and I see no necessity for a change. Still, St. George's had better be the Cathedral on account of its central location. There must, however, be no alterations of any kind, and the Bishop must not wear his robes. If the Bishop has rights, so have his Presbyters."

But our story is not with the Bishop of Dorchester. So much of the difficulties of his position we have had to speak of, as otherwise our story would scarcely be clear. He belonged to that class of Churchmen who believe it to be their duty to practice what they believe. Had he been content to hold all sorts of theories, and never to act on them, no one had molested the Bishop of Dorchester. As it was, he sometimes acted in a less positive sort of way, because he had met with so much opposition, and living in a transition period, went forth bearing precious seed, weeping as he went.

On this particular morning, he had had a vexatious time. At a meeting of the Standing Committee, much talk had been expended over the papers of a candidate for Orders, who knew nothing, and never expected to know anything, and had no particular qualifications for the ministry, except that he had tried several other occupations, and failed in them, to make an honest livelihood. Still, there were seventeen counties in the Diocese of Dorchester, where there were no Episcopal Churches, and in four others,

the venerable Father Gobbler, admirably supported by Mrs. Gobbler and ten pledges of affection, alone upreared the standard of the Cross. The whole thing had left him fretted with difficulties he could not solve. So he was trying to read a little in a new commentary, though his attention had been attracted to an article in a Church newspaper, which he thought alluded to his own difficulties, when a knock at his study door, compelled him to lay both aside. He felt a little impatient, as the door opened, and in walked a woman with her veil down. When she raised it, however, there was a pleasant look about the quiet face, a manner, half embarrassed, half resolved, like that of one who had undergone much, and was prepared to bear more, if necessary, for her object, and somehow she so much interested the good Bishop, that he forgot, as he was always ready to do, his fret and impatience, and the unread commentary.

"My Lord," she said; and how odd it sounded. She seemed a little out of breath, too, and added, as if by some way of excuse, "I had some difficulty in finding the Palace." The Bishop's wife, who was dusting the room into which the study opened, heard the conversation, and immediately went up stairs and put on her best cap. She said afterwards, she did not know why, but, somehow, she felt it necessary, under the circumstances.

As for the Bishop, the words carried him back to the one solitary pleasure trip of his life, when some symptoms of bronchitis had sent him abroad, and he could not help recalling the stately beauty of Farnham Castle. Somehow, though it made him laugh with its inappropriateness, the "My Lord" soothed him. It was such a contrast to the

Standing Committee. The voice, too, of the young woman, was a pleasant one, and it rather rested one to look at her.

But the Bishop only said "well," and the Bishop's wife, with the best cap on, went on dusting the back room.

"I am very sorry to trouble your lordship with my affairs, but may I present my letters?"

She rose from her seat and handed the Bishop two letters.

One was a formal one from the Bishop of Lichfield, introducing "Miss Lucy Bradfield, the daughter of Dr. Bradfield, late Minor Canon of Lichfield Cathedral;" the other, from the Vicar of St. Chad's, whom the Bishop of Dorchester had a slight personal acquaintance with, was fuller and more explicit.

"Miss Bradfield," wrote the worthy Vicar, "has been engaged, for many years, to a certain Mr. Whooney, now a fellow, as I understand, in some College in one of your great Universities. She has been carefully attending, for years, on her paralytic father, whom death has, at last, released from his sufferings. She has been left a comfortable little income by her father, but she will persist in, what I must regard, as her foolish attachment. Letters she has recently received from this Mr. Whooney, lead me to fear that he is playing her false, in some way; but of this she will not hear. She is to leave in the *Asia*, on Saturday next, to find him if she can, and judge for herself.

"Loving her as I would my own daughter, and knowing well her worth, I write to beg you to assist her, as far as your many duties may permit. Of course, this Mr. Whooney, if he marries her, will have to resign his fellowship, if held as in our Colleges; but she has enough for both."

"My dear," called the Bishop of Dorchester to his wife, who was still dusting, "come here."

And the Bishop's wife came.

Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester's maiden name was Perker. Everybody accustomed to society, knows who the Perkers are. John Perker came over in the Mayflower. John Perker, Jr., was Governor of Dorchester, in the colonial times. Eleazer Perker was one of the signers of the Declaration, and there have been Perkers ever since, and will be, no doubt, until an ungrateful world shall show itself unworthy of such a blessing as the Perkers.

When Miss Eliza Perker married the Bishop of Dorchester, then only an assistant minister at St. Bridget's, it was felt generally that it was a union of the Church and the world, in which the world had made great sacrifices. But a good wife she made the worthy Bishop; first, when he was an assistant minister, then when he became Rector of St. Paul's, Dorchester, and afterwards, when called to the Episcopal palace. She was a little low Church—indeed, how could she help it? The Perker's had been Presbyterian, until her grandfather's time, and, as she pathetically remarked, "it was in the blood." "What would great-grandfather Nehemiah Perker say, could he look down from Paradise—though I am sure he never believed in the intermediate state, and must have been in a state of theological disappointment ever since he got there—and see me bowing in the *Glorias* or embroidering an altar cloth!" She pardoned it, in people who were not Perkers, but, with her connections, she felt that it was hardly the thing.

She grumbled a little, now and then, at the Bishop's hospitality. "I know," she said, "it is in the ordination office, and it is all right, but I did not make the vows, and

it is very hard, with only one servant, and on such a small salary.

These were only slight imperfections. Her family pride chiefly showed itself in a very poky bonnet, which no one but a Perker could have worn, and her want of hospitality, when Father Gobbler brought his eldest daughter, Mary, and four smaller Gobblers, to spend a week at the palace. As to her Low Churchmanship, everybody knows that it takes four generations to get Calvinism out of the system, and it was entirely beyond her control. She did her best, and what could one ask more? Therefore it was in a kindly and motherly way, that she welcomed Lucy Bradfield, and soon knew almost as much about poor Mr. Whooney as Lucy did.

The next day was a bright spring morning. It was an early spring that year, and the grass plots, in front of the Dorchester houses, were fresh and green, with crocuses, hyacinths and tulips, already in blossom. The buds were swelling, the birds were singing, and the air and the sunlight were full of promise of the happy summer time. It was a good day to take this faithful Lucy to the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. The Bishop's wife awoke, with a sense of something romantic and pleasant, and when she opened her window to let in the fresh air, and the perfume of the early morning; when she saw the bright colored tulips below, and heard the piping of a robin in a tree close by, she came as near believing in bright colors for the sanctuary, and incense, as a Perker could. Still, she had no time for speculation, as the Bishop's robes had to be packed, for while she went to the Academy, he, poor soul, had an Ordination, three Confirmations, and a meeting of some Board of Trustees to attend. At family prayers,

which the Bishop read, he wanted—for he took a very kindly interest in this quest of Lucy's—to pray for God's blessing on it; but the Bishop had no gift in an extempore way, and all he could remember was the passage in the marriage service about "Isaac and Rebecca living faithfully together," which he said, and made poor Lucy blush, though nobody saw it but the angels. After the Bishop had gone, Mrs. Bishop brought out a bow of lilac ribbon, which she thought would be becoming to Lucy's complexion, and when she had pinned it on, gave the poor girl, whose color came and went, a hearty kiss. So Mrs. Bishop, in the poky bonnet, and Lucy with the lilac bow, went forth that bright spring morning to the Dorchester Polytechnic Academy. Mrs. Gooby saw them pass the window of the parsonage of St. Bridget's, and looked up from the *Evangelical Gazette*. Mrs. Smoother met them in the street, and hoped the dear Bishop was well, and not worn out with all his labors, and at last safely seated in the train, they were on their way to Hubville. Lucy's imagination was very busy. Had she not been in Oxford once, and lunched in the hall at Oriel, on Commemoration Day? She saw an old Quadrangle, with the grey stones of the building made gay with bright flowers in the window. A respectable verger would meet her. She would, at once, give him a shilling. She would ask for Mr. Whooney. He would have pleasant rooms, with a little library. To be sure, they would want tidying up a little, poor fellow, but then how glad he would be! Perhaps some of the older students, with whom he was intimate, would drop in. There might be tea in his rooms, or dinner in the hall of the College, and how happy they would be.

A little boy with a basket, who would insist upon selling

her peanuts, and another who was always dropping hideous novels in her lap, and prize packages containing jewelry, of untold value, for twenty-five cents, kept interrupting the pleasant vision, but on that bright, spring morning, with the fresh air blowing in through the open window, there was no place for anything but happy thoughts. As they stopped at one little station, the birds sang sweetly; a young married couple, very conscious, accompanied by a troop of friends, got in at another; at another place, a bell from some steeple rang out a joyous peal; the very car, which was a new one with fresh plush and new paint, seemed to have caught the spirit of the journey, and the conductor, jauntily going through, would take no fare from Mrs. Bishop and her friend.

Whiffles, who was at the station at Hubville, and saw Miss Bradfield get out, fell in love with her at once; and Mr. Whooney, all unconscious in the book store, saw the carriage drive by, and never knew what made him think of Lucy and Lichfield, and forget all about Miss Hetty Neverasole.

The carriage stopped at the front gate of the Academy; as it did so, another carriage moved on a little, to let them alight.

The tall, brick building, which even the spring sunshine could not make look cheerful, stared at them, while in front of the door, a great crowd of boys stopped the way, and gave them no opportunity of reaching it. Mrs. Bishop, who was not to be daunted by boys, was about penetrating the crowd, when the door opened, and the boys parted hither and thither, to make room for some one—Mr. Stebbins, Robert Graham and Dr. Neverasole. From an upper window, Mrs. Jollipop, with her face quite red and her eyes

full of tears, and Miss Hetty Neverasole also, were looking down.

"See!" said Miss Bradfield, in a whisper to Mrs. Bishop, "what a face that boy has. It looks like a picture I once saw of Sir Galahad. What can it all mean?"

The three passed along, Mr. Stebbins glancing on this side and that, and whistling under his breath; Dr. Neverasole, with a severe judicial aspect, as became the occasion; and Robert, with his head down, not daring to look at any one, until Popkins caught him by the hand and squeezed it; then he glanced up, and something gave him the look Miss Bradfield saw. Robert had refused to sign the paper, and his uncle was taking him home to Danville, to his Grandmother, who was now so ill that she could not leave her bed, with a view to bring him to confess his wrong, and make restitution. Scarcely had they entered the carriage, when the boys moved away, in little groups, to talk it over, and Mrs. Bishop rang at the door, with a bold and determined ring. Up above, Mrs. Jollipop was still looking out of the window, Miss Hetty having retired to her room.

"I declare," said Mrs. Jollipop to herself, "where have I seen that face before," as she caught a glimpse of Lucy's pleasant countenance. "It looks like—who does it look like?" she had no time to finish her inquiry, for the bell rang again, and as she knew that the servant was far away, in a remote dormitory, she went down herself. She opened the door and ushered them into the parlor. "Did you wish to see Dr. Neverasole? or Mrs. Neverasole, or any of the boys? Perhaps you are a parent," she added, in a sort of defiant way to Mrs. Bishop. All the while her eyes kept wandering to Lucy's face, busied with a sort of startled recollection, which filled her with vague alarm.

"I am Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester," replied the good lady, "and this is Miss Bradfield of Lichfield, England, and we have called to see Mr. Whooney."

"Mr. Edward Whooney, B. A.," said Lucy, blushing as she said it "a fellow of the College. Could we be shown to his rooms?"

She tried, as she said so, to put a quarter of a dollar in Mrs. Jollipop's hand, just as she had done to the much more elegant looking house-keeper at Warwick Castle, when she had been to see it some time before.

Mrs. Jollipop did not even perceive her intention; she smoothed down her apron, looked first at one, then at the other and repeated, "Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester! Lucy Bradfield! Lucy Bradfield!"

Both persons greatly overcame her. A Bishop, in Mrs. Jollipop's mind, came next in order to the angels, and a Bishop's wife was almost as exalted. Then, there was Lucy Bradfield of Lichfield, to whom, in some sort, she had been a traitor, standing before her, and accompanied by the wife of a Bishop. No doubt the Bishop had sent his wife, as of course he could not come himself, and she was armed with all sorts of canons and ecclesiastical terrors. All that Mrs. Jollipop could do, was to gaze at one and the other, and then, without saying a word to either, to rush out of the room, up stairs, to the room of Miss Hetty.

Miss Hetty had been very much overcome by Robert's going away, and was seated at a table, by the window, reading the Bible. It had opened at the history of Jepthah's daughter. She was just reading the story of that sublime self-sacrifice, as the door opened, and Mrs. Jollipop exclaimed:

"Hetty Neverasole, the Lord requires a sacrifice of you."

The whole thing chimed in with what she was reading so well, that, somehow, it did not surprise her. She only looked up, waiting for what was to come.

"Lucy Bradfield is down stairs with the wife of the Bishop, come after Mr. Whooney," said Mrs. Jollipop. "It wouldn't be right to break off that engagement, and she come so far and the Bishop's wife with her, too," she added. "Hetty can you do it?"

"Do what?" said Miss Hetty.

"Give up Mr. Whooney," she replied.

"I can, if I ought to," said Miss Hetty. "Is she real ugly?" she added, going to the glass and brushing her hair, which was a little in disorder.

"No," answered Mrs. Jollipop; "that's the worst of it. She is just as pretty and sweet-like, as anybody I ever saw." Hetty was very much interested in it, all at once.

"How nice it would be," said Mrs. Jollipop, "to settle it all up, surprise Mr. Whooney, and you be bridesmaid."

"It would be quite like Angelica, in 'Emma's Revenge,' except the poisoning of the Grandmother, and I could wear my white muslin, with a pink sash," said Miss Hetty.

Meanwhile, the blood of the Perkers alone sustained Mrs. Bishop, under the extraordinary treatment of Mrs. Jollipop. "It is very curious," she said to Lucy; "what can the woman mean? Can she have gone for Mr. Whooney?"

"Perhaps he is ill," said Lucy; "or may be something has happened to him," and she quite trembled as she said it. "How did she know my name was Lucy," she added,

as Mrs. Bishop bent over her, and kindly reassured her, as well as she could.

"Come, Hetty," said Mrs. Jollipop, "we had better take our Prayer Books with us." Somehow, Mrs. Jollipop, who had never seen a Bishop but once, and that was when she was confirmed, felt the occasion was an ecclesiastical one, and that everything should be done in a suitable and proper way. So Mrs. Jollipop paused at her own room, and took from the table her large Prayer Book, and put on her spectacles, while she handed Miss Hetty a smaller Prayer Book. "Find the articles of religion," said Mrs. Jollipop, solemnly. "Then, if she examines us, we shall know just what to answer in the very words of the Prayer Book." So she opened her own Prayer Book at the seventeenth article, and marched down as if she were leading a procession, followed by Miss Hetty.

As Mrs. Bishop bent over Lucy, the door opened, and they walked solemnly in. Mrs. Bishop felt annoyed at the waiting, and said in a depressed way: "Is Mr. Whooney at home—we wish to see him."

"Mr. Whooney has gone to Hubville, and, as it is a holiday to-day, may not be back till night. I do not know the articles by heart, and some of them I do not understand; Hetty is a Baptist, but can say all the Church Catechism, except the Desire, four of the selection of Psalms, and seven hymns"—she added, as though it was all one subject.

"What does she mean? Is she crazy?" said Mrs. Bishop, in a whisper to Lucy, and then turning to Mrs. Jollipop said severely:

"What is your name?"

"Elizabeth *Femima*," said Mrs. Jollipop.

"Elizabeth Jemima what?" cried Mrs. Bishop.

"My sponsors in Baptism," replied Mrs. Jollipop, beginning the well known answer.

"She thinks I am hearing the catechism" whispered Mrs. Bishop, "I will try the other one. What is your name?" she said, turning to Hetty.

"I don't know it very well, because I only began to learn it since I was engaged to Mr. Whooney, but I always knew the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer, but I get all mixed up on the Desire, and I can't see the use of that either;" replied Miss Hetty.

"She is as crazy as the other," whispered Mrs. Bishop.

"Stop!" said Lucy very pale, and rising from her seat, with her lips pressed together—"What do you mean, by saying you are engaged to Mr. Whooney—is that true?"

"Lucy Bradfield," said Mrs. Jollipop, "we are all ready to pass any examination the Bishop's wife may wish."

"Please answer my question," said Lucy. "Does she speak the truth—is she engaged to Mr. Whooney?"

Poor Lucy's pale face, and her evident distress, made Mrs. Jollipop forget the Prayer Book, articles of religion, and even Mrs. Bishop, in the desire to comfort her. "Poor little lamb!" said Mrs. Jollipop, as though she were a small boy; "it is not anything at all. We thought he would never see you again, and the poor soul needed to be comforted, so it was all arranged, almost without his knowing anything about it. Hetty don't mind, and wouldn't think of making him break his engagement with you, on any account; she will be bridesmaid if you want her. It's all right. He doesn't care much for Hetty—does he Hetty?"

"Well," said Hetty, beginning to cry, "it is pretty hard to have to give him up and all, and then say he does not

care for me, when I thought it was all settled, only I hadn't told Ma and Pa, and I don't know what they would have said." And then, forgetting herself at the sight of Lucy's white face and wide-opened eyes, she said, very earnestly—"I don't think he knew what he was about, and he has never kissed me, nor squeezed my hand, nor looked me in the eyes, nor anything at all, and he is not a bit like a lover. His heart is just broken, somehow, and you can't help feeling sorry for him. So, don't mind, Miss Lucy—he will be in love with you, as much as ever, as soon as he sees you. He only gave you up because he lost his money, which Robert Graham didn't steal."

Poor Lucy couldn't take it all in, and was about to repeat her question, when Mrs. Bishop laid her hand on Lucy's arm, and addressed Mrs. Jollipop: "You seem to be a woman of mature years—do tell me what this means."

"It simply means this," answered Mrs. Jollipop, "that Mr. Whooney had his money stolen—thought he should never see Lucy Bradfield again, and one night, when he was sitting in my room, engaged himself, after a sort, to Hetty. He was just heart broken like, and did not half know what he was doing. Hetty will marry somebody else, some day, and now that Lucy has come, poor Mr. Whooney will be happy enough."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Bishop with great solemnity, "that it is very wrong to break off engagements, without great and sufficient cause? You might have broken my poor Lucy's heart."

As she spoke, Lucy rose from her seat and said in a low voice, as if she were repressing some great feeling: "Let us go—it is time we went back to Dorchester."

"Please, stay," said Mrs. Jollipop. "Mr. Whooney may be back at any moment."

"Do stay," said Miss Hetty, "it will be all right."

"Let us stay," said Mrs. Bishop, persuasively. "I understand it all—a word or two will make it all right, I am sure."

"No, no," said Lucy; "how could he have done it. I must go back!"

In vain, were Mrs. Bishop's exhortations; in vain, were Mrs. Jollipop's entreaties. She would go back again. "It was unmaidenly for her to stay. She had not thought it of him."

So, in the bright spring sunshine, with the birds still singing and the flowers blossoming, they went out of the Academy, Lucy with a heavy heart, and Mrs. Bishop, who had had time to whisper to Mrs. Jollipop, to be sure to send Mr. Whooney to Dorchester, planning how she could bring these loving souls together. The little romance about it, and the elements of difficulty, quite raised Mrs. Bishop's spirits, and she was even happier than she had been in the morning. So, it suddenly occurred to her, that they might meet Mr. Whooney, after all, on their way back to Hubville. "Lucy," she said, "we have two hours yet, before the train leaves. It makes me quite ill to ride in the carriage; would you mind walking, and letting the carriage go on ahead?"

"No," said Lucy. So they walked on together.

Mrs. Bishop was a wise woman. She had never seen Mr. Whooney, but whenever a man passed them, she put her arm in Lucy's, as though she would support herself on her young companion. By and by, she spied a somewhat ungainly person, with his head down, and a package of

books under his arm, some distance ahead. Presently, Lucy looked up, and Mrs. Bishop felt her arm tremble, and Mrs. Bishop knew it was Mr. Whooney.

Lucy looked this way and that, but there was no turn, and cruel Mrs. Bishop walked on faster than ever.

Mr. Whooney did not look up. "Will the creature go by?" thought Mrs. Bishop "without ever seeing her." She was meditating dropping her parasol at her feet, or stumbling over a stone, which lay conveniently in the path, when just as she was about to put this admirable stratagem into effect, Mr. Whooney fixed his eyes full on Lucy's face, and with a cry rushed forward, saying "Lucy! Lucy!"

"Edward!" was the answer—what came next we do not know, for Mrs. Bishop spent at least half an hour knocking off the tops of dandelions with her parasol, and always declared she did not look. "She supposed they shook hands, of course; what else would you expect after so long an absence?"

"My dear, how late you are," said the Bishop of Dorchester, as he opened the door, in the evening, for Mrs. Bishop.

"We missed the train," said Mrs. Bishop, looking at Lucy, who blushed scarlet.

"Is it all right," said the Bishop.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bishop, "we are tired to death;" but she said it in such a way that the Bishop immediately kissed Lucy, and Mrs. Bishop made no objections.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Magdalen Graham was getting ready to die—not that she had not, for very many years, been making her preparations for this, which she knew must come; but now she knew that, without doubt, it was very near at hand. The clergyman of the Parish, the good Mr. Smithett, had been called away, and as there was no priest nearer than Dorchester, she had not had, excepting once, the blessing of the Holy Communion, and the Visitation of the Sick. The quiet stillness of a heart at peace with God and man, had been somewhat disturbed by her anxiety for Robert, an anxiety greatly increased by the story Mr. Stebbins, poured into her ears, and his evident belief in Robert's guilt. Robert had heard it all. He had been so shocked at the change in his grandmother's appearance, and her evident weakness, that he was like one stunned. He could not interrupt Mr. Stebbins, and, indeed, the facts were all as he stated them, except the one thing only, that he knew he was not guilty. When his uncle had finished, he had only been able to kneel down by the bedside, and, lifting up his face to his grandmother, with the clear, blue eyes dimmed by tears he could not restrain, exclaim, "Grandmama, it looks as if I were guilty—it is all against me, but I did not do it; I am very wicked, I know, but I did not steal. Grandmother, won't you believe me, if nobody else

does? If you will only tell me that you do, I will not care what they do to me."

His grandmother fixed his eyes upon him. She put her hand upon his head, although it trembled so as to shake the bed, as she did so, and said—"Robert, I am soon to die—I shall go to God who reads all hearts, and from whom no secrets are hid—I charge you to tell me whether you have committed this sin. If you have, dreadful as it is, by confession, restitution and earnest effort, you may yet be saved; but, if you do not own it, though I may never know it here, the wrath of God will abide on you, and your sin will find you out. My child! my child!" she said, "tell me, if you have done it." She clasped her hands together, as if she felt all exhortations were of little avail, and prayed aloud—"O, loving Jesus, who didst stretch forth Thine hands in agony upon the cross, help and save this Thy child, that he may confess his sin, if he has been guilty, and that Thou knowest."

The room was still—not a sound could be heard except the low ticking of a watch, on a stand by the bedside, as she paused.

Mr. Stebbins, awed in spite of himself, gazed first at Mrs. Graham, and then at Robert.

Mrs. Dorothy, standing at the foot of the bed, with a wine glass in her hand, held her breath in a kind of terror.

"Grandmother," said Robert, and he fixed upon her that look which none but the innocent can give—a look which, when once seen on the face of a child, can never be mistaken by any one, who has the heart to read it aright.

"Grandmother, I did not do it." He did not say any more. He did not repeat it. He only looked at his

Grandmother, with that look inexpressible, and the sun, just then, through the half opened curtain, cast a gleam upon his face, as if God were smiling upon him. A triumphant smile lighted up the face of Mrs. Graham, and, lifting up her eyes to heaven, she only said, "Thank God, who has never forsaken me;" and fell back upon her pillow. Mr. Stebbins, who had recovered from his momentary awe, at hearing the prayer and the Name which is above every name, spoken by one who believed in Him, had not in the least perceived the meaning of the look on Robert's face.

When Mrs. Graham was somewhat recovered, Mr. Stebbins said he would like to speak to her, and, having dismissed Robert from the room, sate down by the bedside. Neither spoke for a moment. Mrs. Graham was full of thoughts, she knew Mr. Stebbins would not understand, and Mr. Stebbins felt it was an unpleasant subject. At last, Mrs. Graham said, "I am so glad and thankful." "Oh!" answered Mr. Stebbins.

He was just about to add he did not see what there was to be glad about, when it suddenly dawned upon him that she thought Robert innocent. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart, feeling, as he did, quite sure of his guilt. "He is a very clever boy," he said to himself, "and makes believe in a remarkable way; few old knaves could equal him. Still the poor old lady can't live many weeks, let her believe it if she can, I won't undeceive her." So he said, aloud, "Yes, yes, the only difficulty is, that the evidence is so very strong against him, and there is nothing but his word and our belief on the other side. If it goes before the Grand Jury, they are sure to commit him for trial, and there is the public disgrace. He need not go to

jail, for we can bail him out; but the boy is ruined for life, and we are all disgraced. Indeed," he added, "we ought to do something, at once, for unless it is settled within a day or so, Dr. Neverasole informed me he should be compelled to complain. And the Sheriff may come for him, at any time."

He paused, to see if she understood; but her eye was fixed upon him, and she only said, "What can be done?"

"My plan is this. As his guardian, I do not like to pay so large a sum, for such a reason, without his consent. I desired him to acknowledge the wrong, and give me a paper to that effect, authorizing me to pay the money."

"Acknowledge a wrong he has not done," said Mrs. Graham; own himself a thief, when he is not one; was that your plan, Mr. Stebbins?"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Stebbins, "I do not mean that there need be any acknowledgment of the guilt; but let him authorize me to pay the money; or can you pay it for him, Mrs. Graham? I should do it myself, but my means and claims of my family will not permit."

"He cannot do it, and I cannot do it, and you must not do it," answered Mrs. Graham, firmly. "However paid, with whatever reservation and protests, it is an acknowledgment of guilt. What would be his duty had he stolen it, becomes a sin and a dishonor when he is innocent."

"What do you mean to do, then?" said Mr. Stebbins, angrily. "Will you make him go to jail, among villains, and the refuse of the earth, to save a paltry two thousand dollars?"

"Money is nothing to me, Mr. Stebbins," she said, not heeding his angry tone. "Indeed, I have twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank, which I have saved for Robert.

It matters little to one who is so near the end as I am; but, if that money be paid, Robert would be, in the eyes of men, an acknowledged thief. Never!" she added emphatically, 'never!"

"Shall he go to jail, then?" said Mr. Stebbins.

"God, who loves us, will help him," answered Mrs. Graham, "but better that than one real spot or stain upon his honor."

Mr. Stebbins was about to say something angry, in reply, when the sight of Mrs. Graham's white face and exhausted appearance, made him bite his lips, and he only said, "Then I am to understand that Robert may go to jail on the charge of theft, and that the name of Robert Graham," he dwelt upon the name, for it was the name of her son as well as grandson, "shall be seen in all the newspapers, and be bandied from mouth to mouth, as the name of a thief. Can you do nothing to prevent this?"

"Nothing, but pray," answered Mrs. Graham.

"Pray," said Mr. Stebbins, contemptuously, "you are as bad as a Presbyterian elder."

"Prayer, Mr. Stebbins—you do not know its power. God grant, that one day, you may learn its blessings and its victories."

He knew well how firm she was when her mind was made up, and that no further arguing would be of any avail; so he said, "there is nothing to be done; he had better stay here till the Sheriff comes for him," and he could not help adding, "I hope your prayers will save him." He looked at his watch, said, "the stage leaves at ten. Goodbye, Mrs. Graham. I hope you will soon be better;" and bowing to Mrs. Dorothy, left the room.

Mrs. Graham was trembling greatly; but controlling herself as well as she could, she bade Mrs. Dorothy bring her writing materials, and, with a shaking hand, wrote as follows:

To the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Dorchester.

Rt. Rev. Father.—A long time ago, you told me, that if the day ever came when you could be of service to me, you would gladly help me. That time has come, for I am in sore need, with death near at hand. Come to me if you can, and as soon as may be.

Respectfully and affectionately
Your Daughter in Christ,
Magdalen Graham.

"Hurry!" she said to Mrs. Dorothy, as she folded the letter; "hand it to the stage driver, and ask him to leave it at the Bishop's house. You can pay him for his trouble. The Bishop will get it this afternoon, and, perhaps, can come in the morning."

So, Mrs. Dorothy hurried, as fast as she could, noticing as she did so, that Mr. Stebbins was still in the parlor, talking with Robert. A plan that he had thought of, and partly matured before, occurred to Mr. Stebbins, as he left Mrs. Graham's room. It was worth trying, at least. It was this plan that he was suggesting to Robert.

"The clipper ship, *Flying Cloud*, sails from Dorchester to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, for Ceylon. I have an interest in her. You can go as a passenger, and see foreign countries, and return when the truth has come to light, if you have not stolen the money, as I, young man"—for he did not choose to have Robert suppose that he had

been imposed upon—"am sure you did. Your trunk is yet unpacked, the stage leaves at ten. Only say you will go, and your Grandmother, on her dying bed, will be spared the pain of a terrible distress. If you have nothing to trust to, but prayer, to save you,"—he added sarcastically—"that will be as effectual, when you are in Ceylon, as if you were in Danville."

"Does Grandmother think I ought to go? Is it her plan?" said Robert.

"I have not proposed it to her. You are very dear to her, of course, and I have no doubt, sick as she is, she would crawl to Dorchester, if she could save you from the disgrace of a trial."

"Dear Grandmother," said Robert, his eyes filling with tears.

"Yes," said Mr. Stebbins, perceiving his advantage, "and if you love her, as you ought to, agree to this."

"I will go and ask her what she thinks," answered Robert.

"No!" said Mr. Stebbins; "she has got some romantic notions, and would not let you do it. The only way, is to go without even saying good-bye. I will see you off, and explain it to her afterwards. I have no doubt it will lengthen her life for years. After a year or so, the whole thing will be forgotten, and you can return. Will you go?" he continued.

"Uncle," said Robert, starting up, "pray don't ask me. It would be all the same as saying I did it, if I ran away. Who would believe me afterwards? Uncle, I would do anything to save Grandmother pain, but I cannot, I cannot."

He broke down into great sobs.

"The fool," said Mr. Stebbins, under his breath, and started out of the door, almost tumbling over Mrs. Dorothy, who was just coming in.

All day long, Robert sat by Mrs. Graham's bedside, doing as well as he could, such little offices as were necessary. Little could be done or said, for she lay, very much exhausted, with her lips moving now and then, as though she were praying. Several times in the day, she made Robert read the fourteenth and the two following chapters of St. John, and when he came to the words, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," she made him read them over and over again.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dorothy took the opportunity of Robert's presence in the sick room, to be very busy about something.

First, she had a long conference with the old Widow Jones, who mumbled out long speeches in reply, which nobody but Mrs. Dorothy could understand.

Then she carefully locked and double locked the front door, and placed the widow at the window, with the strictest injunctions, that nobody was to be admitted without first finding out who he was; "And if it is a Sheriff," said Mrs. Dorothy in a whisper, "call me at once."

In the course of the afternoon, she beckoned Robert from the sick room, and bade him follow her to the garret. "See there!" she exclaimed.

"I don't see anything," said Robert.

"I knew you wouldn't," she cried triumphantly. She moved over to the wall, and commenced fumbling about, as if to find something on the wall. As she did so, what seemed to be a closet door opened.

"There it is," she said in a whisper.

Robert looked in; there was a chair, a table, with a lamp on it, some bread and butter, a story book, and a pie.

"What is it for?" said Robert.

"For you," said Mrs. Dorothy with a shower of winks, "when the Sheriff comes; he can't find you for a month, and it will be just like the Christians in the times of persecution."

"Oh, Mrs. Dorothy, Mrs. Dorothy!" said Robert, half laughing, half crying; I might as well have gone to Ceylon.

The morning mail brought a letter, directed in a large, scrawling hand, to Mr. Robert Graham, Esq., with the post mark of Hubville. Robert opened it, and read it to his Grandmother, who was much easier, and, indeed, able to sit up in bed. It was as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND.—This is to inform you that I am very well, and so are all the boys. I hope you are well.

"Guffins did not know his arithmetic, and got an awful going over from old Poggers, this morning.

"I won six marbles and an agate from Snippers, but you don't play for keeps. I'd like to know what the harm of it is, for there is no fun in playing for fun.

"Jollipop gave us a buster of a breakfast this morning. She feels mighty bad to have you away.

"They say Whooney's girl has come over after him, and won't Hetty Neverasole give her fits.

"Durkey's sick, and something's the matter with him, I guess, besides. If he don't know something about that money, my name's not John Popkins. A fellow, with a black patch over one eye, has been 'round to see him. I heard them talking together out in the road, when they didn't see me. The fellow said, 'when are you going to pay

the other hundred?' Says Durkey, 'I've had trouble enough about that last.' That's all I heard, but Ned Stebbins knows lots about Durkey, and he says he knows you didn't take it; I do not believe you did, either.

"I had a letter from mother, yesterday. She wants me to study for the ministry. If I was as good as mother, I would, but I mean to be captain of a clipper ship.

"I hope you will soon come back.

"Your friend, "JACK."

Mrs. Graham made Robert read the part about Durkey twice, and inquired into all the particulars about the five-dollar gold pieces, and then sent Robert out of the room, for a while.

Meanwhile the Dorchester stage, freighted with a precious load, was making its way to Danville.

The news of Mrs. Graham's illness had spread in Dorchester, where she was well known in Church circles. She had been a mother in Israel, and all the clergy and devout laity had, at one time or another, either stayed at her house or at least knew of her virtues. It was as when Tabitha fell ill in Joppa, in the primitive days, and although Mrs. Graham was not yet dead, and her charities had not been in the making of coats and garments, there was much weeping among the ecclesiastical widows of Dorchester.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gooby to her husband, "good old Mrs. Graham is very ill. She was always too High Church—a dreadful Puseyite, and I am afraid she leans too much on the Ordinances. Don't you think we had better go down and see her? Sometimes," she added, very solemnly, "those High Church people retract on their death beds, and get a justifying faith. We might say something

to her. Let us go, Zwingle, dear," she continued, addressing Mr. Gooby by his Christian name.

"George Herbert," said Mrs. Perkins to her orthodox spouse, "a little trip into the country will do you good. You have looked very pale ever since Easter, and what would the Church do, if you were to break down? Old Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Dorothy will be glad to see us, I am sure, and we ought to bid her good bye. Besides," she added, "you know there is no clergyman down there, and I dare say nobody has administered the Holy Communion to her since she was taken ill, and what if some Roman priest were to come along, and, with her views about confession, and all that, she was to go over to Rome, on her death-bed! It is our duty to go," said Mrs. Perkins, "and I cannot answer it to my conscience not to."

So Mrs. Gooby and Mrs. Perkins prevailed, as they always did; for, fully acknowledging the apostolic precept, that wives should be subject to their own husbands, in all things, they first made their husbands command the thing they wanted to do, and then, like obedient wives, they always did it.

This, too, was a little the way with Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester, though neither she nor the Bishop were aware of it, and so it fell out that she accompanied the Bishop also.

They all met at the stage office.

"What a blessed Providence," exclaimed Mrs. Gooby, when she saw the Bishop.

"What a remarkable coincidence!" said Mrs. Perkins, at the same moment.

Dr. Perkins and Dr. Gooby exchanged the *Evangelical Gazette* and the *Church Blusterer*, and the stage started.

There were no other passengers, and with the three ladies on the back seat, and the three clergymen in front, after a little skirmishing, a good many anecdotes and some gossip, the conversation naturally turned on ecclesiastical matters.

"Standing mid-way—as we do—between Rome and Geneva; protesting, on the one hand, against the corruptions of Popery, and the negations of ultra Protestantism on the other, our position is impregnable," exclaimed Dr. Perkins.

When he said this Mrs. Perkins, as well as the joltings of the coach would permit, threw herself into an attitude of profound attention. Not that she had not heard the same sentiments expressed before. Were they not written in that admirable sermon, preached before the Convention in Dorchester, which now, bound in solemn black, lay in state upon the centre table in her parlor? Nay, did they not express her own sentiments, exactly? In some sort, did not her domestic life bear witness to their truth? Had she not named her three eldest boys, respectively Pusey, Keble and Newman, and when John Henry Newman went over to Rome, had she not ceased to call the last Newman, and reverted to Johnny? When some one had proposed to her to call her three younger boys Neale, Mackonochie and Liddon, she had said they were ugly names and she wouldn't do it. "I know just when I stopped advancing," she whispered, solemnly and confidentially, on one occasion, to Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester. "It was at lighted candles. Flowers, and altar cloths, and bows I never minded; but, when, one Christmas morning, George Herbert lit the altar candles, I blew them out, and I said, 'George Herbert, we must not go too far.' Why lighted

candles should be more Roman than unlighted ones I do not know; but you must draw the line somewhere, and I drew it there."

"I do not believe in any such nonsense," said Dr. Gooby a little angrily, "as the *via media*. We do not stand midway between Rome and Geneva. God forbid! What! Did the glorious reformers bleed, and die, and burn, and smoke at Smithfield, just to get midway between Rome and Geneva. No, they visited, loved and communed with their brethren of other denominations, while they denounced Rome as the mother of abominations.

Over the top of the *Evangelical Gazette* and the *Church Blusterer*, respectively, Drs. Gooby and Perkins glared at one another, and both together exclaimed, "What do you think, Bishop?"

"Indeed," said the Bishop, "I have as great a horror of the *via media* as you have, Dr. Gooby. It always has seemed to me that the Church did not stand midway, or any way, between Rome and Geneva; but moved on a different plane from both, being neither Protestant with Geneva, nor Papal with Rome, but Catholic with the primitive Church and the great Oriental Communion."

"Pooh!" said Dr. Perkins, rather irreverently; "I am sick of hearing about the Oriental Communions, with their ikons and prayers to the Virgin, and superstitious practices. I think they are worse than Rome."

"I did not mean to say," said the Bishop gently, "that I approved of all the practices of the Eastern Church, though I feel slow to condemn so venerable a body, but simply that our own Church and it, are at one in submitting to the authority of the Universal Church, and denying the innovations of the Protestant bodies and the supremacy of

the Pope. The great principle of the Anglican Reformation, and the truth of which the Eastern Church has witnessed against the Western, are one and the same. Therefore, for the English and the Eastern Church to remain apart, because they differ on certain points, is nothing but inconsistency."

"I see," said Mrs. Perkins, "you are an advanced Churchman, Bishop."

Mrs. Bishop was about to rebuke Mrs. Perkins, when the Bishop interrupted her.

"If you had said advancing, Mrs. Perkins, instead of advanced, I would have agreed with you. American Churchmen never yet believed in, much less practiced, their own Prayer Book. Where are there daily services, weekly and festival communions, communions daily, during the octaves of the great festivals, the opportunity of confession for such as are not able to quiet their own consciences, the Churching of women, and the solemn Visitation of the Sick? Where does the ritual of the Church, in any sort, correspond to the worship of the Prayer Book? The American Church," cried the Bishop, "is eagerly grasping after her own heritage, and God grant we may all advance until she gets it. More than this—we inherited from our Step-mother, the Church of England, a dreary inheritance, as to our organization. To think of it, that she suffered us to go for one hundred and fifty years without a Bishop, without a Confirmation, without an Ordination! Is it a wonder that we still labor under the curses which the union of Church and State inflicted on her, and which we inherit? We have," said the Bishop, speaking so loud that the stage driver drew up his horses to see what was the matter, "Dioceses, that are not Dioceses; Bishops, that are not

Bishops; Presbyters, that are not Presbyters; Deacons, that have only a name to exist; Parishes, that are wrongly organized, and laymen that are not communicants, sometimes not even baptized. Don't think I am discouraged or frightened at all this," said the Bishop, as Mrs. Bishop was about to say, "My dear!" "It will come, though; perhaps, not in my day—the See, the Cathedral, the sisterhoods, the true ritual, the rightly ordered parishes, the solemn worship, the faithful laity. Then will the Church convert the land, and the belief in the Holy Catholic Church, in America, be a reality."

"Amen," said the driver, who had stopped the stage, and not hearing clearly what was said, thought that it was a Methodist prayer meeting.

"Amen," said Dr. Perkins, who was quite carried away by the Bishop's enthusiasm.

"Amen," said Mrs. Perkins.

Dr. Gooby blew his nose, and whether he said amen or not, nobody knew.

Mrs. Bishop wiped her eyes, and Mrs. Gooby tried to remember every word the Bishop had said, that she might tell it at the next meeting of the sewing society.

Mrs. Dorothy was a little overcome when they all arrived, for she had not expected so many; and in the midst of her anxiety about what ought to be done, in a spiritual way, she felt uncertain as to whether there was quite dinner enough for such a company.

Presently, she went up stairs, and returning, in a few moments, said to the amazed and astonished company, "Mrs. Graham would like to see the Bishop alone, first, before she receives the Holy Communion, that she may make her confession."

The Bishop went up stairs, and for a few moments, nobody spoke.

Mrs. Perkins was the first to break the silence. "I always thought she was a good woman; but, of course, there must have been something dreadful in her early history. Did you ever hear of anything?" she said, with a solemn curiosity, turning to Mrs. Gooby.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Mrs. Gooby. "Of course, it is not auricular confession; it is the confession of her faith. I hope she will retract her sacramental errors, and show signs of a true conversion."

"If it were the confession of her faith," said Dr. Gooby, severely, "it would have been much more appropriate in her, to have it done before us all. I should have mentioned it in my next Sunday morning's discourse."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Perkins, persuasively, turning to the Bishop's wife, "Mrs. Bishop will know all about it by to-morrow, and she will tell it to us, in the strictest confidence. It's so long ago, since she was young, that it might have been a murder, even."

The blood of the Perker's had been boiling in Mrs. Bishop of Dorchester, for a long time. She was not afraid of any of them. There was a certain social prestige, that belonged to the Perkers, that gave her more power than her semi-ecclesiastical position, and though she was as curious as Mrs. Perkins, and as unbelieving in confession as Mrs. Gooby, she spoke out with great decision.

"Poor Mrs. Graham is dying. It is meet and right she should have pastoral counsel and advice, if she wishes it. The Bishop of Dorchester never tells his wife, or any one what he ought not to tell, and I would be the first to be ashamed of him, if he did."

"Certainly," said Dr. Perkins, "Jeremy Taylor advocated confession, and it is said that the judicious Hooker had a confessor; and although I never knew any Episcopalian who was sufficiently troubled about his sins, to need the Ordinance, if Mrs. Graham is, why—"

What he would have said, nobody knew, for just then Mrs. Dorothy summoned them up stairs.

"It couldn't have been much," thought Mrs. Perkins, as they went up stairs, "or it would not have taken so short a time."

Whether it were much or little, there was a peacefulness about the calm, venerable face of Mrs. Graham—a stillness as of one who, whatever might be the storms without, was at rest within—that awed all the party. She greeted them with a gentle smile, and beckoned them to her bed-side. "I am glad to see you all, once again. It was most kind in you to come," she said. "I want you all to do me one, last favor. You have heard—the Bishop tells me—of the sad trial it has pleased God to send upon me, in this false accusation of my dear grandson. There is no refuge but prayer, and what the Bishop—and she gave the good Bishop a look full of gratitude—has promised to do. "I know," she added, "we are not all quite at one in our Church views—God grant the day may come when it will be better—but the Bishop has promised to offer this Holy Communion, that it may please God to bring the truth to light, and to defend the innocent. You will join with me in the prayer, I am sure," she added, looking more especially at Dr. Gooby—"even if you cannot believe in the sacrifice."

"It is, you know, a kind of a sacrifice," whispered Dr. Perkins, in answer to a look from Mrs. Perkins, who had

taken the opportunity of removing the lighted candles, which, in consequence of the darkness of the room, Mrs. Dorothy had put upon the table, prepared for the celebration, to a stand close by.

Dr. Gooby drew near to the bed. "It is not a time for theological controversy, Mrs. Graham," he said, "we have often talked over these matters; you are going where all these difficulties will be set right. If I can not believe in an offered sacrifice, I at least can pray, which I will do, with all my heart; and he wiped away an honest tear, far different from those he was wont so easily to shed in his Sunday morning's sermon, in the Church of St. Bridget.

The solemn service began. Mrs. Perkins could not help noticing Robert Graham, who was first standing, and then kneeling near her. There was something about him which reminded her of a child she had lost, long years ago; her first born, whom she had named Herbert, after his father. He had died about Robert's age, and, somehow, while she prayed for Robert, she could not help praying for the dead boy, too, though she did not believe in prayers for the dead, of course. But women's feelings are stronger than theological opinions; so she prayed for Robert and the departed Herbert in one breath, and could hardly have told which was which. The service went on. The words of consecration were uttered. The oblation began:

"Wherefore, O Lord and Heavenly Father, according to the institution of thy dearly beloved Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, we, thy humble servants, do celebrate, and make here, before Thy Divine Majesty, with these Thy holy gifts, which we now OFFER unto Thee, the memorial Thy Son has commanded us to make."

The Bishop paused. There was a profound silence, only broken by a sob she could not control, from Mrs. Dorothy—and the awful pleading ascended to Heaven.

The whole service was hardly over, when the widow Jones put her head into the door, and shaking herself about, in a most extraordinary way, beckoned to Mrs. Dorothy.

"What is it," said Mrs. Dorothy, as soon as they got inside.

"The Sheriff! the Sheriff!" exclaimed the widow, as well as her agitation and her gums would permit. "He is in the kitchen, and has already eaten up two mince pies, and is looking at another. O, lawk! what shall we do."

CHAPTER XII.

"What nonsense it is," said Dr. Neverasole, laughing heartily.

"What absurd nonsense," replied Professor Poggers, laughing more heartily.

They were seated in the little office, just off Dr. Neverasole's study, where the Doctor kept the accounts of the establishment. It was quite late in the evening; but Prof. Poggers had come for his quarter's salary, and so they were in the office, and the Professor had stopped for a little talk. There was a huge ledger, lying open, before Dr. Neverasole, in which were all the accounts of the institution, with a page for each one of the many scholars and teachers. The ink, in the early pages, had quite lost its color, and as the Doctor turned over the leaves, in a careless way, as he talked to Prof. Poggers, his eye fell upon name after name, of youths, who had been in the school many years before. To some people, this would have been a melancholy work. Names would have brought up many an old association; one was dead, another was married; one had been successful, another had met with great misfortunes; but, whatever their destinies, in some sort, at least, he had had a hand in making or marring them. Still, it was only a financial record. It was not even a book of discipline, and though the faded ink, and the carefully written names, might possibly have brought other thoughts to the excellent Dr

Neverasole, they only suggested financial considerations. This one had gone away, and left his bill unpaid. He seemed to Dr. Neverasole, to have begun life wrong. This one had not only paid all accounts, but had actually presented the Doctor with fifty dollars, in token of gratitude, for the educational advantages of the Dorchester Academy. Was it a wonder that his life glowed in the Doctor's thoughts, with a golden glory? So, as he turned over the ledger, it did not disturb his conversation with Prof. Poggers, nor the hearty laugh at the absurd nonsense of which he was speaking.

"I can hear Stebbins telling the story," exclaimed the worthy Doctor. "So the old lady thought that prayer and some religious mummeries, would bring out the innocence of her grandson."

"Yes," said Prof. Poggers; "and I must say, the sooner this nonsense about prayer is put an end to, the better. Now, I attend the Episcopal Church, in Dorchester, occasionally, in vacation, and when it was so dry, early in May, the minister was praying for rain. Now, we know that all this is regulated by law, and the idea of the Almighty interfering with His own laws, to gratify the Episcopalians of Dorchester, is a little too nonsensical. 'More and more,'" said Prof. Poggers, quoting from an essay he had delivered only a week since, before the Hubville Lyceum, "is the belief in spiritual existences dying out of the world of thought and action. It is a superstitious remnant of the dark ages. The belief in angels, in sacramental rites, in a mysterious religion, in a priesthood, in answer to prayer, in what people call special providences, in miracles, and so on, may still be cherished, for a while, but on the growing light and knowledge of the 19th century, it is passing away,

Nerves, and disordered stomachs, and ignorance of scientific laws, will account for the belief in most of those things, and, for the rest, the tendency of human nature to credulity, is a sufficient explanation."

"Certainly! certainly!" said Dr. Neverasole, a little hurriedly, for he was afraid that the Professor would quote the whole lecture, which he had already heard, and this fragment of which, he distinctly recalled.

"By the way, Poggers, I must go to Dorchester, in the morning, to make arrangements for the Exhibition, which comes next week. Dunster has promised to deliver the address, and Gov. Guller will, I am sure, be present. Durkey will make a capital speech, and so will Bolmer. What with the death of Hubbers, and this late affair, we have had so many annoyances, this term, that I shall be glad to conclude with some *eclat*."

"Good night," said the Professor. He went out into the darkness. The stars, moving on in mysterious distances, looked down upon him; the solemn night environed him; the mist from the far off river floated around him with ghostly wings; the beasts of the forest, seeking their meat, the birds crouching upon their nests, the flowers drinking the dew of night, the thousand voices of men, the sighs of the dying, the weeping of mourners, the sorrows of the penitent, the agony of the despairing, the hopes and the fears of humanity, were reaching forth to the Father of all things, and asking for His loving care; but the good Professor did not heed or hear them. He thought of the applause that had greeted the lecture, and of a glass of ale and a sandwich, he knew Mrs. Poggers had all ready for him. He was a dapper little man, and thought he was a philosopher, poor soul!

"The next morning, the Doctor stepped into the last car, in the train to Dorchester. He knew the brakeman and the conductor, and, with the consciousness of a pass and a general acquaintance with the directors, smiled serenely, as he seated himself in the center of the car, alongside of some one, who was busily engaged in reading the *Dorchester Daily Lyar*. As the train started, the gentleman looked up.

"Dr. Neverasole!" he exclaimed.

The Doctor could not exactly recall the face, and yet it was very familiar.

"Have you forgotten Andrew Griffin?" said the gentleman.

How odd things are, thought the Doctor, as he shook hands quite warmly; for it happened to be the very man who, as a boy, on leaving the Academy, had presented him with fifty dollars.

"I was reading your name in my ledger only last night," said the Doctor.

"It was a long time ago," said Mr. Griffin, "fifteen years, I think."

"At least, that," replied the Doctor. "I have seen you, several times, since then; but you have altered."

The Doctor could not help noticing strong lines of care on a face not yet middle aged, and a restless glance of the eye, and a nervous movement of the hand.

"Are you going to Dorchester?" he added.

"Further than that," replied Mr. Griffin, "I sail, to-morrow, for Europe."

"Dear, me," said the Doctor, who was much impressed, when any of his old pupils went to Europe. "How you have succeeded in life. I congratulate you. Only fifteen

years since you left us, and I am told that your speculations have been so successful, that you have amassed a large fortune."

Mr. Griffin gave a sudden start. "Speculations," he answered, "speculations."

He looked at the seat behind, which was empty, and at the seat before, where there was no one but a little girl.

"Dr. Neverasole, he added, "you are my old teacher. I am a ruined man."

"Indeed, indeed," said the Doctor, "I am very sorry to hear it, but you are in the prime of life—strong and vigorous; begin again. Why," said the Doctor, cheerily, "half the men I know, have lost two or three fortunes, and not given up."

The man did not answer. He fidgeted uneasily on his seat. He put his mouth near the Doctor's ear; he then drew away again, and bit his lips till the blood came. His manner was so odd, that the Doctor began to fear he was crazy, and was thinking how he should get away as easily as possible, when, as if impelled by an impulse he could not resist, the man hissed in his ear.

"I am a defaulter."

"A defaulter!" said the Doctor.

"Hush!" said the man. "What possesses me to tell you, I do not know; but I am dying with the secret. I am a defaulter to the tune of one hundred thousand dollars, and I leave for Europe this afternoon."

Dr. Neverasole had read of defaulters, over and over again, in the newspapers. He had known at least two, but had never met them after they had defaulted, except Ex-Governor Sharp, who had somehow imposed on the world, and brazened it out.

What should he say to this man, an old pupil, too. "Your wife and children, my friend—think of the disgrace and sorrow," he whispered.

"They will join me, by the next steamer," he answered.

"But suppose you are caught, as you are quite likely to be?" replied the Doctor.

"No; I have managed it so that it will be a month, at least, before it is discovered, and then I shall be where they are not likely to find me," he answered.

"But the money, and the consciousness of guilt, and the uneasiness, and the always expecting to be found out. You will not have a happy moment. It seems to me, I would rather starve."

"Yes," replied Mr. Griffin, "but it was not a question of starving. I had speculated with the company's money, and lost. I speculated again, to pay back what I had lost, and I lost more. I speculated a third time, and lost more still. It was not a question between honest poverty and robbery, but between exposure and disgrace without a hundred thousand dollars, and exposure and disgrace, with a hundred thousand dollars. I chose the latter, as any wise man would have done."

He looked triumphantly at Dr. Neverasole, and fairly laughed, as if he were reasoning on some ordinary subject. Dr. Neverasole was greatly disturbed. He had half a mind to rise up in the car and say, "this man is a defaulter," but then he thought what a row it would make; and, besides, if the man denied it, what proof was there?

So he sat uneasily; somehow, something he had heard, and once believed, came over his mind, and, hardly able to help himself, he whispered to the man. "But death, and the world to come—what of them?" The man gave him a

friendly punch in the side. "Death is going to come, of course," he answered; "but it will be none the more hard to meet, because one has a hundred thousand dollars to smooth the pillow; and as for the world to come, ever since I joined the Universalists, I have not bothered myself about that. "Come, he said," as the car stopped just then, "let us have a drink."

"No, I thank you," said the Doctor, and as soon as the man left, he changed his seat to one nearer the end of the car.

The car started a little sooner than he anticipated. He saw several persons run, to jump on the platform, and last of all, Mr. Griffin, wiping his lips with a pocket handkerchief. In a moment more, there was a jolt of the car. It seemed to have passed over something. There was a sudden whistle; the brakes were put on; a man gave a shout; two or three rushed to the end of the car; he looked out of the window; what was that which lay, a shapeless mass, a few rods distant?

"A man killed?" they whispered.

Dr. Neverasole hurried out of the car; they were lifting him up; it was Mr. Griffin.

"Is he dead?" asked the Doctor.

There was a man bending over him, and he turned away with a ghastly face. Dr. Neverasole looked into the face. The eyes opened, the lips moved. The Doctor put his ear down to his face.

"Death and the world to come," was all he heard.

They bore him away; but before he got into the station he was dead.

It was, of course, a terrible shock to the Doctor, but after staying long enough to tell all he knew, as to the resi-

dence of the unhappy man, and instructing them to telegraph to his friends, the Doctor went out to the train again, intending to stop on his return, and do anything more which might be necessary. He felt quite shattered and unstrung by such a shocking incident. The cars, as they rattled on seemed to say, "Death and the world to come!" And then again, "A defaulter! a defaulter!" After this accident, the people in the cars became very intimate; everybody spoke to everybody else. The ladies talked to the gentleman, and one very fat lady fainted away, quite unexpectedly. When she revived, they all grew quite sociable, and told about all the horrible accidents they had each met with. A young man came and sat down by Dr. Neverasole. He was very thin and pale, and seemed as though he were in a decline. The jolting disturbed him, and his hand shook. His eyes were red and blood-shot, and he looked like one who had wasted away his strength by dissipation. "Really," thought Dr. Neverasole, "it is very unpleasant. Every forlorn creature comes and sits by me. It is too bad, I will go and sit in the smoking car," and he rose to leave. The man laid his hand on his arm, as he did so, and said in a hollow voice, interrupted by a hacking cough:

"You have forgotten me, Dr. Neverasole; but it is only three years since I left the Academy."

"You don't say so?" said the Doctor, "what is your name? I do not know you at all."

"Don't you remember Fred Turpins?" said the youth, and, as he spoke, a flush mounted to his forehead.

"Fred Turpins," said the Doctor, slowly; "is that you? I would not have believed it. How you have altered. What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," said Fred. "I have been a little ailing of late; but nothing much. They have kept me in, for a month, and I am going out to Dorchester, for a little—" he hesitated for the word, as a remembrance of the Dorchester Academy came over him—"amusement."

"I am afraid," said the Doctor, hastily, almost before he thought, "you have had too much of that, already, judging from your looks."

"I know it," said the youth, coughing again; "I have been a bad boy, Doctor. I have drank and gambled, and done worse, and this is what I have come to."

"And you are going into Dorchester for what you call amusement, are you?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes; I know it is folly and worse; but I can not help it."

Poor Dr. Neverasole, here it was again. A defaulter a moment ago, and now this poor boy. What a nuisance it was! Why couldn't he travel into Dorchester, and do his business, and not be bothered in this way? And then such dreadful things, too, reaching so far away. A defaulter going to judgment; and a wasted life, so near its ending. He would have liked to get rid of the young man, could he have done so, politely. And yet he remembered him well; the first boy in the school; the favorite pupil of Professor Poggers; with such a fair face, with the blood mantling in his cheek, and sparkling, blue eyes.

In spite of himself, the Doctor could not help feeling sorry to see him thus. So he spoke.

"If you know it to be folly, why do you do it? Go home by the next train, and keep out of temptation. Don't you know," he added earnestly, "that your health will not

stand it? You are broken down now, and a little more will send you to your grave."

"That's what they all tell me," answered the youth, "but a short life and a merry one; that's my motto."

"What a fool you are," answered the Doctor angrily. "Do you call it merriment to go round like a ghost, and to dance a jig at a funeral?"

The youth was startled by the Doctor's angry tone, and he answered seriously,

"I cannot help it," and seeing the Doctor was about to interrupt him, he went on, hastily, "I inherited a passion for drink, and some other taints of blood, from my father. He died before I ever knew him, in some horrible way, and left me this curse as a legacy." And the boy ground his teeth together. "Men's passions are strong enough, anyway, and I have inherited miseries, besides. Is it my fault, if I go on to my death, even while I hate every step of the way?"

"You were a good boy, and a bright one," said the Doctor, "and were well taught. Sound education is more than a balance for such difficulties as these you mention."

"You did not know me, Dr. Neverasole. What did you see in me, a boy, fond of play, learning his lessons easily, bright and quick enough? You praised me, and gave me the first prize, and I graduated the head of the school. What did you know about the struggle that was going on, even then, in my soul? The devil was fighting me then, as hard as he could, and he gained the victory at the Dorchester Academy. What were mathematics, and science, and hygiene, against my passions? Yes, and though I know I shall die for it, against the fever heat of my desires, all human knowledge of consequences, and

effects, and results, are just like so many feathers blown by the winds. Passion! Dr. Neverasole. Passion! It rules the world, and I am its slave. I am going to-day, I won't tell you where; I am going, knowing that it is one step nearer to my death;" he coughed as he said it. "I go against my will; a slave if you please; but go, I must." He poured it all out in a torrent of words.

"Do you mean to say," said Dr. Neverasole, slowly and solemnly, "do you dare to say, that even now, you can not stop?"

"I mean to say that I have tried and failed, and tried and failed; that I have made resolutions, and broken them again; that I have no power of will left; that I am as utter a slave as any negro in the South, and a hundred fold more so; and that no human power, no reasoning, no knowledge of consequences, no certainty of poverty and death, are anything, against this wild tumult of my excited passions."

"You need not talk to me," he went on, as he saw the Doctor was about to speak. "What do you know about it? You are fifty or sixty years old. Your passions are either satisfied or subdued. You live easy, and have plenty to eat, and a wife and family. Everybody respects you, and you are all right. If you could only live a thousand years, it would be all the same; but me—" he was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

Just then the cars stopped, and the Doctor gave the young man his arm to help him out.

"Come with me," he said, "I am going to see the Rev. Mr. Dunster. He is a great preacher; he can help you, I am sure. There must be, somewhere, some help for you."

"Dunster!" said the youth, with a laugh, it was unpleasant to hear, "you mean the popular preacher? I have heard him many a time, at the Church of Oliver Cromwell. He can't do anything for me."

"But come, anyhow," said the Doctor.

"Well, as I have nothing else to do, till three, I will."

That outlying district of the Kingdom of Heaven, to which the Rev. Mr. Dunster belonged, had comfortably rewarded the faithful servant. Large and stately, though not too elegant, was the pastoral residence a graceful flock had provided for him. The salary, which the devoted people, year by year, increased, not only paid all the numerous expenses of the large household, but laid up treasures on earth, as a slight return for the heavenly treasures Mr. Dunster bountifully dispensed. The Church of Oliver Cromwell could afford to be generous. The well sold pews, groaned beneath the weight of the souls, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, thronged the comfortable building to hear Mr. Dunster. Men worth their millions, and whose names in the Dorchester Exchange could command untold sums, listened to the admirable addresses he made to the throne of grace, and were edified by discourses, which only differed from the editorials in the newspapers, by being a great deal more clever, and in flavoring the interests of daily life with Gospel essences. Tall, strong, powerfully built, of strong animal instincts; thick lipped, heavy boned; of deep and powerful voice, with graceful gestures; with keen appreciation of men and things; not so much well educated, as capable of using everything he knew, and a good deal he only knew of, to the very best advantage; echoing the tone of the times, while he seemed to be teaching; the mouthpiece of his congregation, rather than their instructor; free

from bigotry, unsectarian, admiring what was good in many systems, the Gospel which he preached was willingly accepted and paid for handsomely, because it was an able, eloquent and graceful expression of the tone and temper, the wishes, thoughts and feelings—nay, sometimes the varying beliefs and notions of the congregation he represented.

Once or twice Mr. Dunster had made a mistake. He had propounded an unpopular truth; he had mistaken an eddy in the river for the current of the stream. He had gone a little in advance, or fallen behind the average views of the day. When he had done so—which, to do this really great man justice, was not often, then he always achieved his greatest victories. How dexterously he gave up, how ingenuously he acknowledged his mistake, how beautifully he retreated, how cleverly he extricated himself. Like a great general, he always succeeded in turning such retreats into a victory. Not, perhaps, that Mr. Dunster did all this consciously. There was no hypocrisy about him. He was the preacher the times had made, and as the times changed he changed, too. To be sure, he had his difficulties. Now and then he stood by the side of those moral abysses, which his Gospel knew least how to fathom. For sorrow and affliction, and the ordinary distresses of life, he had certain conventional solaces. A species of animal sympathy, of which he was by no means deficient, was of some assistance also; but when even Protestants were driven to confession, and upon his comfortable, easy life was poured the revelation of agonies which human means could not relieve, he was like one astonished, and knew not what to do. But on the particular Monday, when Dr. Neverasole and Fred Turpins were

walking towards the parsonage, Mr. Dunster was in the best of spirits. The preceding Sabbath had been an eminently successful one. A rapt audience had listened to one of his most powerful efforts. The distinguished poet, Mr. Gushington, had been present, and had been so overcome by Mr. Dunster's eloquence, that he had publicly expressed his approval, and to crown it all, the Monday morning's *Daily Lyar* had devoted an editorial to the preaching of the great divine.

He sat in his pleasant study. The slippers he wore had been embroidered by devout and loving fingers. The dressing-gown reminded him of a happy pastoral experience; the easy chair was covered by the zeal of an enthusiastic convert. A paper knife, made of wood from the Mount of Olives, had been brought for his benefit, all the way from Jerusalem, by a deacon who had traveled. A beautifully bound set of books, and a handsome boquet, had that very morning refreshed him. His wife and daughter, fresh and wholesome, had just gone out the door, and he watched their well dressed and well gloved forms step into the comfortable carriage, for a morning's shopping. He was not tired with his effort of the day before; he did not feel in the least Mondayish. He was fresh, vigorous, and prosperous, as one whom the Lord had blessed. A good breakfast, which a good digestion pleasantly assimilated, the pleasing recollection of a good cigar, a letter to write, and a day before him, not too busily occupied, filled him with a satisfaction, which is ordinarily ascribed to a quiet conscience.

When Dr. Neverasole came in, he was welcomed in that hearty way which had greatly helped his popularity, and the moments thought he bestowed on his companion,

was only that he was, probably, one of the many youths whom his great powers attracted to sit uneasily in his presence, and drink in the wisdom which fell from his lips.

"Certainly," he said, "I will attend your exhibition with great pleasure. The Dorchester Polytechnic Academy has my warmest sympathy, and I will make a few remarks as you desire. Nothing can be more interesting, than youth full of hope, starting forth upon the race of life."

After talking about the weather and a great many other subjects, until Mr. Dunster grew impatient, and wondered when they would go, Dr. Neverasole, at last, said, "He wished that Mr. Dunster would say a word to his young friend, who was going down in the world; in short, had been dissipated, and said he did not want to be, but could not help it."

Even as he spoke, Dr. Neverasole was quite indignant with himself. What had got into him, that he should actually be bothering himself with this young fellow's soul? It was no affair of his, and it was no use, anyhow. Down in his heart, he did not much believe, himself, in Mr. Dunster's spiritual powers; but this poor Fred Turpins, a bright, beautiful lad, three years ago, and now such a wreck, moved him in spite of himself. Besides, somehow, things seemed to have changed since morning. Either there was a change, external to himself, or else there was some change within, that made everything seem different. In the intervals of his conversation, he kept asking himself what was the matter. He said to himself, "I am nervous; that man's death, this morning, and then meeting with young Turpins, has quite upset me. A good cup of tea, when I get home, will make it all right."

He refreshed himself, inwardly, with a vision of his easy chair, dressing-gown and slippers, and Mrs. Neverasole bringing in a dish of fried oysters; but, somehow, it did not comfort him as it ought. Something was accusing him to himself, and he felt as if he were on his defense. "It is not my fault," he thought. "I did my duty by him; I taught him and gave him a good education; it is his own look-out. No doubt he had inherited tendencies; his father was an old rascal," and yet, each time he fixed his eyes on the boy, all these things vanished away, and he had a sense of guilt, as if he had committed a murder. So, it was with earnestness, that he waited for Mr. Dunster's reply. It consisted of some common-places about "avoiding temptation," "trying to do better," "turning over a new leaf," "never too late to improve," "the greater happiness of leading a new life," things all true enough, but utterly without help in them, as cologne water in a case of small-pox.

The youth rose up from his seat, when Mr. Dunster had finished, and, with an expression of ill-concealed impatience, said, "I have heard it all before, a hundred times. It doesn't amount to anything. If I could proclaim myself the guilty thing that I am, before every one; if I could kneel, in sack cloth and ashes, at the door of some church; if I could cry unclean! unclean! as they say the lepers used to do, when any one came near; if I could be judged here on earth, as my mother used to say I would be judged at the last; if I could be whipped and scourged as I deserve; if then, I could be made over again, by a miraculous power, utterly out of myself, having nothing to do with my thoughts or anything that I am; if there were some power from heaven that could incorporate me into some one who is as pure as I am foul, and possess me with a

might from above, I might be saved; but there is no such religion on earth." He did not wait for a reply, but went quickly out of the house.

"Quite crazy, with liquor," said Mr. Dunster, in a pleasant way. to Dr. Neverasole, as he rose to follow the youth.

Dr. Neverasole shook his head and went out of the door. He looked up and down the street, but Fred was nowhere to be seen, and, with a sigh of relief at having got rid of him, he hurried on to make his visit on Governor Guller.

Dr. Neverasole was decidedly shaky, that afternoon. He noticed that his hand trembled, so he stepped into a druggist's and took a small dose of whiskey, of which a little revived him. As he came out of the store, a man rushed by him, on the street, hurrying, as if on some urgent errand, and the Doctor found himself wondering whether somebody had committed suicide, and was half inclined to run after the man, and ask what was the matter.

The Court House bell, ringing for a fire, sent his heart into his mouth, and he turned into another street, to avoid a funeral, he saw slowly coming towards him. There was a sense of loneliness even in the crowded thoroughfare into which he turned. The afternoon shadows seemed to have fallen upon everyone. Each face, to his eye, had an expression of anxiety, as if some terrible spiritual reality were present to them, which they could neither speak of nor avoid.

He found himself, presently, standing in front of St. George's Church, and, through the iron railing, reading the names and ages upon the old tomb-stones. He was speculating upon the life of Miss Almira Joggins, who lived to

the age of ninety-five, when his attention was attracted by the sound of many feet. He had not noticed that the Church door was open, and before he was aware of it, the funeral procession he had avoided awhile before, was upon him. Just then, the great bell of St. George's tolled forth sorrowfully. He stood a little to one side, to let the procession go by, and was wondering who was dead. It seemed a long procession, with many carriages, and the coffin, which he could see through the glass windows of the hearse, was magnificent with rosewood and plate. He had moved from the sidewalk to avoid the procession, and was standing in the midst of a crowd of small boys who were watching it pass. He felt it was an undignified position to be in, but he could not cross the street, because of the hearse and carriages, and he did not like to join the procession.

He found himself possessed with the old thought, that it might be his own funeral, and that he was witnessing it. It would not have surprised him had he recognized Mrs. Neverasole and Hetty, in the two closely veiled women, who alighted from the first carriage. The fact that the pall-bearers were, all of them, men well known in Dorchester, and whom he personally was acquainted with, added to the illusion, and as the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," fell on his ears, from the clergyman, standing in the arched doorway, he felt compelled to go in.

He was about taking a seat in the lower part of the church, when a man he knew very well, beckoned him up farther, and whispered to him, as he followed him into one of the top-most pews: "You ought to be up near the mourners; he thought a great deal of you."

It was, of course, perfectly preposterous, and he almost smiled at himself, although it was a funeral, at the sense of relief he felt on hearing these words, and the thought that it could not be, after all, his own funeral. But whose was it? And then his mind wandered to the thought that presented itself unbidden, and could not be gotten rid of. Had the poor soul gone to Heaven?

"Awfully sudden, was it not," said his friend.

"What did he die of?" asked the Doctor.

"They call it brain fever, I believe; but, of course, we all know it was delirium tremens," replied his friend. "The poor Governor," he added, "was a little too fond of drink."

Dr. Neverasole started, as if he had been struck. "Governor!" he said. "Is this Governor Guller's funeral?"

"Why, what do you mean!" replied his friend, in a low whisper.

"I did not know it," answered the Doctor. "I came in town, to-day, to see him, and am here by accident. I must go; it is too much for me."

Indeed, Dr. Neverasole looked so pale that, as he rose to leave the church, his friend went out with him, and offered to get him a carriage. Dr. Neverasole hastily refused, and hurried away as fast as he could, thinking he would get back to the station, and rest there until the train started for Dorchester. He almost tottered, several times, and was obliged to lean against a lamp post for a rest. A policeman, walking along on the other side of the street, eyed him curiously, and winked at another policeman, whom he met.

Dr. Neverasole's thought went wandering back to the night before, and his conversation with Professor Poggers,

and he found himself wishing he could pray for him. Just then, a well-known voice greeted him, and Prof. Poggers, accompanied by Whiffles, Fred Stebbins, Durkey, Snippers, and several other of the boys, stood before him.

"We expected to meet you at the Court House," said the Professor.

The Doctor fairly cried out with amazement. "What are you here for, Professor—and the boys—and what Court Room? What do you mean?"

"Did you not get the telegram, then? Why, just after you left, we got news that the examination of Robert Graham was to take place to-day, and that it was to be in Dorchester. So I telegraphed to you, and came in with the boys, thinking their testimony might be needed," said the Professor.

"No, indeed," answered the Doctor. "Is the examination over?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, cheerfully, "and they committed him for trial."

Somehow, in the Doctor's new state of mind, he felt shocked at the Professor's cheerfulness. The excellent Mr. Poggers actually seemed to him, to be hard-hearted, so he added, "What have they done with the poor boy; where is he?

"They took him to the Government Street Jail, as there was no one to go bail for him."

"Nobody to go bail for him," cried the Doctor, "where was his uncle?"

"His uncle seemed angry about the whole matter," replied the Professor. "said the Grandmother was a fool, and the boy another, and that he washed his hands of the

whole business. The truth is, I think he wanted to give the boy a lesson, and will bail him out to-morrow. A night in the jail won't hurt the young scoundrel."

The boys had gathered around the Professor and the Doctor. They were struck by the Doctor's unusual expression and appearance.

The Doctor pressed his hand upon his forehead. "Is it too late for me to bail him out; we might take him out to the Academy for to-night, and send him home to-morrow?" he asked.

"Do bail him out," said Ned Stebbins. "The jail is a horrid looking place, and they put a man in, to-day, who had committed a murder. I know he was innocent." He said it so earnestly, that Durkey, whose face was very pale, pinched his arm so fiercely that he almost cried out with pain.

So they all hurried together to the Court House, Dr. Neverasole leading the way, the boys following, and Professor Poggers, in a state of amazement, bringing up the rear.

Meanwhile, all day long, Mrs. Graham, carefully watched by Mrs. Dorothy and the Widow Jones, had been lying in what the physicians said, was a dying condition. The shock of the sheriff's coming, and the necessary parting from Robert, had brought on a terrible attack, which had left her so weak that there seemed no possibility of her reviving again. The visitors had all left, before they had been aware of the sheriff's visit, or Mrs. Graham had been informed of it. Indeed, the first news of Robert's examination, was conveyed to the Bishop, by the evening paper, some hours later than the time of which we are

writing. But all day long, with her hands clasped, Mrs. Graham's lips were moving in prayer, her eyes, whenever they opened, were lifted to Heaven, and the ceaseless intercession was going up to God for the poor boy. It was all that she could do, and it was mightier than all things else.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Government Street Jail was, by no means, a comely place. We say *was*, for it is a beautiful jail now, built of costly stone, splendidly ventilated, admirably constructed, and so clean, that if cleanliness be next to godliness, the malefactors confined therein, are the next door neighbors of all the graces.

That crime increases steadily in Dorchester, every year; that even children ceased to be innocent; that not long since, some dear boys, whose tender bodies had been lacerated by corporeal punishment, stoned a school-mistress to death, is proof that hygiene, admirable as it is, can never take the place of the ten commandments. But the bill for the new jail, warmly recommended by the excellent Governor Guller, was only just passed by the Legislature, and the old jail stood in all its dirt and ugliness. It did not stand upon the street; but you passed through an alley to get to it, and it seemed, somehow, to be ashamed of itself, and to hide behind the other houses. There was a small court-yard in front, in which was a solitary tree, which, devoid of sun and light, appeared like a tree which had committed a crime, and was itself in jail.

The building was of wood, of a dirty, disreputable color. One wing of it was occupied by the jailor, his wife, and one boy, who spent what time was not occupied in eating,

sleeping, and running errands, in breaking windows, and keeping up a forbidden intercourse with such of the prisoners as he could get at.

Somewhere in the rear, fenced in by high walls, was a yard, where now and then a murderer had been hung; and in the lower part of the building—so the story went—before the admirable Insane Asylum had been built, had been cages for some raving maniacs, past cure, or care, or love. It was a festering sore—this Government Street Jail—full of bad smells and worse sights. There were low taverns in the neighborhood, and wretched offices, where some hangers-on of the law did a mean and dirty business.

Altogether, it was a low part of the town, and one that Dr. Neverasole would never, willingly, have visited. Had any one told him, in the morning, that he would be going there in the evening, for any purpose, he would have thought it most unlikely; but now he, Prof. Poggers, Snippers, Popkins, Durkey, Edward Stebbins, and Cropsey, were all walking down the street which led to the jail.

It was late in the evening; much time had been spent in looking up the proper officer, to bail out Robert, and when they had got to the house where he ought to be, unluckily he had gone to the country, and would not be back until the next morning.

It was only by the exercise of some personal influence, that Dr. Neverasole had succeeded in getting a permit to visit Robert, at the jail, and the clock on the First Presbyterian Church, struck nine as they passed by. Professor Poggers had proposed to take the boys home on the 8:30 train, but when the boys begged to be allowed to go to the jail too, and stay all night, afterwards, at the Dorchester

House, to the utter amazement of the Professor, Dr. Neverasole consented.

More than this, when Durkey said he would go back to the school, at any rate, Dr. Neverasole had asked him, as a personal favor, to remain. "I am not well," he said, "and you are the head of the school. I want you to go with me."

Durkey had tried to get off, but the Doctor was positive, and he could not succeed.

Somehow, Dr. Neverasole did not want to be alone. All the events of the day had terrified him. He even went so far as to confide the state of his feelings to Prof. Poggers, who had immediately said "his stomach must be out of order," and had given him six pellets of *nux vomica*. The Doctor took the medicine, but said no more to Prof. Poggers. He wanted somebody to help him, and he fell back upon Durkey. He rested on his arm, as they walked along. He told the story of Fred Turpins to Durkey, and, when he mentioned his name, was surprised at Durkey's giving a sudden start.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," answered Durkey, after a pause. "I knew Turpins; that is all."

"He can't live long," said the Doctor; "and oh, it must be terrible to die so young, and in such a state!"

They had come, as he spoke, to the alley which led down to the jail. It was a filthy, narrow place, and they walked in the middle of the street, to get room enough to walk together. Just in front of them, at the end of the alley, stretched the iron fence which shut in the court-yard. An oil lamp, with the glass very dirty, cast a feeble light

along the alley. Durkey stepped a little in front of the Doctor, to open the gate for the party to pass into the court-yard. As he did so, he stumbled over something.

"A man lying here, I declare," he cried, jumping back. "I wish the police would take better care of drunken men."

They would have all passed on and left the man lying there, but as he was on the step, they could not do so without stepping over him. So they stopped for a moment. As they did so, Dr. Neverasole, actuated by this strange impulse, which all day long had made him do what he ordinarily had not done, stooped down and looked at the man's face. The feeble light of the lamp cast a sickly glare upon it, and the face was white enough besides.

"He is not drunk; he is dead!" said the Doctor.

He bent over him again. As he did so, a feeble voice said:

"Leave me alone. Let me die. It will be morning soon."

The voice, feeble as it was, he recognized; the face, white as it was, was like a face he knew.

"Durkey," he cried, "it is Fred Turpins."

He put his hand on Fred's coat, as he spoke, and drew it hurriedly back. He held his finger to the light, and the boys saw that it was covered with blood.

"Has somebody murdered him?" asked one of the boys, in a low voice.

"No," said the Doctor, who heard him; "he has had a hemorrhage; that was the danger all along. Go into the jail, Durkey," he added, "and tell the jailor to come here."

The jailor was eating his supper. It was a greasy mess; but he relished it. He had had a hard day's work, and now everybody was locked up for the night, and he was

quite comfortable. His pipe lay already for him to smoke, and his wife, who was sitting in a low chair, putting a large piece of cloth into her boy's trousers, looked on approvingly, as he ate.

Robert Graham had been brought to the jail at the end of the afternoon. It seemed as though every one had forsaken him. His Grandmother was dying, at Danville. His uncle had refused to bail him out. There was no friend with him, and he was quite alone. The sheriff, who appeared to have taken a liking to him, shook hands with him as he left him at the jail, and told him to keep a stiff upper lip; but when he was gone, and Robert stood in the dirty hall of the jail, there came over him a feeling of terror. It was not lessened when the jailor hurried him through another passage, up a flight of stairs, along a gallery, and opened a heavy oak door, at the end of it.

"Here," said the jailor, as they passed along another hall, with the doors of cells numbered up to twenty, "we keep the worst fellows." As he spoke, he unlocked a door, and putting his head in, said, "How do you feel to-night?"

"All right," was the answer.

"That's a man as has murdered his wife, and is going to be hung, if his friends can't buy the Governor off, and get him a pardon," he said, as if he felt a sort of satisfaction in the greatness of the man's crimes. He then opened a window on the other side of the passage way.

"Look out here," he said.

Robert looked out. He could only see, in the dim twilight, what seemed to be a large yard.

"That's where we hang 'em, when the executions is private. They mostly begins young, like you," he added, in a moralizing way. Indeed, the jailor felt that he was

impressing upon Robert the dangers of the course on which he had embarked, and was desirous of improving the occasion. "Why didn't you plead guilty, and tell them you wouldn't do so any more. You don't look like one who is very bad, anyhow."

"I couldn't," said Robert, "because I had not done it."

The jailor gave a long whistle, and then said, "Why didn't your friends bail you out, and then you could have run away, and turned over a new leaf, out west."

As he spoke, he moved on, and presently, passing up another flight of steps, stopped at a door, a short distance from the landing.

"It won't do," he said. "There is a drunken man in it."

He moved on, a little further, and began to unlock another door. Then he looked at Robert and paused—

"He's too decent-looking to put him in with such a creature as that is," he muttered. "We're mighty full to-night," he said in a louder tone. "I guess I'll have to put you in the Infummery."

He walked on, a little further, as he spoke, and opened a door into quite a large room. There were two beds in it—one large and the other small.

"That's yours," he said, pointing to the smaller one. He then lighted a small piece of tallow candle, and placed it on the window ledge, and, with a gruff good-night, went out and left Robert alone.

Robert sat down on the bed. He felt forsaken by all. Every one believed him guilty except his Grandmother, and she was dying. And then his uncle was so cruel. Robert had said to him, "Uncle, do bail me out, and I can go home to Grandmother," and he had thought until the

very last that his uncle would do so. He walked up and down the room in an agony. Suddenly it came into his head, "Was he not guilty after all?" "Had he not stolen?" "Did he not remember having done it?" Then as that passed away, another thought came crowding upon him. "Did God love him?" "Was it fair that he should be so punished?" "What had he done, that he should be put in jail?" "There were plenty of boys, at the Dorchester Academy, who lied and swore; why was he picked out?" Then, as he thought this, he felt how wicked it was, and he almost thought he heard some one say: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

The impression was so strong upon him that some one had spoken, that he went to the door and listened; but there was no sound to be heard.

"Did any one speak?" he said; and then he felt frightened, at the sound of his own voice, and moved on tip-toe across the room, to the bed. Then he knelt down and prayed, and, as he prayed, somehow a sense of peace and trust came over him, and presently he lay quietly down in his clothes on the bed, and fell asleep.

The sound of the First Presbyterian Church clock, striking nine, mingled with his dreams, and somehow he thought it was the ringing of the bell of St. Mary's Church, at Danville, for a festival service. He dreamed that he passed into the church and knelt before the altar, and prayed to God to declare his innocence. Then, in his dream, everything changed; the bell, which had been ringing for a festival service, began to toll solemnly. He heard the sound of many feet, as though a funeral procession were entering the church. He heard, he thought,

Dr. Neverasole's voice, and Edward Stebbins', and Popkins', and he was standing in the midst of the boys, at school, and a voice came from the altar, "I will make thy righteousness as clear as light, and thy just dealing as the noonday;" and then the boys all came and shook hands with him, and no one seemed so glad as Popkins.

Some part of the dream, at least was real, for he was awakened by Popkins shaking him and saying, "some of us have come to see you, but don't make a noise for there is a man dying." Robert sat up on the bed, and, at first, could not make it all out. There was Dr. Neverasole and the boys, and, sure enough, Professor Poggers, but all turned towards a pale form, which lay upon the other bed of the Infirmary.

"Where am I?" said Fred, lifting himself up a little, and looking around the room.

"We found you on the steps of the jail, and brought you in here," replied Dr. Neverasole.

"It's all right," said Fred, "I ought to be in a jail. It is the only place for me."

They had given him some brandy, and he seemed somewhat nerved by it.

"Where have you been all day, since you left me, Fred," asked Dr. Neverasole, almost because he did not know what to say.

"I came into the town for wickedness, you know, but I could not do it, after what we talked about, and so I wandered about the town to find a church. Somehow, I thought there might be peace in some of them for me; but they were all locked up, as I might well know, for it isn't Sunday, is it?"

"No," answered the Doctor, "but you must not talk, you are not strong enough."

There was a slight pause. At last Fred said, "Lift me up in bed, please."

They did so, and propped him up with pillows.

"Who is here?" he asked, and his eye wandered round the room. He looked first at Dr. Neverasole, then at Prof. Poggers, then at the boys, one by one. Durkey, it was afterwards noticed, stepped behind the rest, so that Fred could not see him.

"Come nearer," said Fred, "I cannot talk loud." They all drew nearer to the bed. "I am going to die, am I not," he asked.

Dr. Neverasole answered, "I am afraid so, Fred. I have sent for a physician, but there was a long distance to go."

"I don't care for the Doctor," said Fred, "I know it myself. Dr. Neverasole," he continued, "I cannot die with all this load upon me. I could not rest in my grave, and what shall I do in the other world!"

"God is very merciful," said Dr. Neverasole, a tear actually running down his cheek.

"You must hear me," said Fred, unheading the Doctor's answer. "Come nearer, all of you; I cannot speak so loud."

It was a strange sight, the pale face of the dying youth, as he lay propped up by pillows; Dr. Neverasole, his face moved by emotions unfelt for years, perhaps never before, standing at the foot of the bed; Robert Graham standing by him, the other boys kneeling at the side of the bed, and Durkey sitting in the shadow, with his face hid in his hands; while Prof. Poggers was seated by a stand, alter-

nately studying a small homeopathic manual, he always carried with him, at the article "hemorrhage."

In a low voice, Fred spoke. He gave the history of his life. And this was what would have amazed any one, but one who knew the human soul. He said nothing of the many things that had happened to him, of his outward surroundings, of whether he had been rich or poor, of his journeys hither and thither; the history of his life, was simply the history of his sins. Nor was it merely the telling of a few graver acts, recently done, and thus fresher in his memory; but he began far back, in his early childhood. The first lie he had told his mother; the first grave act of disobedience; the things which good-natured people call mischief in boys; and then there were coarser sins and deeper falls, yet never told in a coarse way; and so on, till the rill became a stream, and the stream a river, ready to pour its turbid torrent into the broad and shoreless ocean. This, too, was to be noticed. He made no excuses for anything. He did not plead any greatness of temptation, or that he had been led away by any one, or that he was the victim of circumstances, or that he had inherited tendencies. He stopped at no accessories; but it was the story of one long sin by the sinner, who, at last, saw himself as God beheld him. Each word he uttered, too, was like a barbed arrow to every one that heard him. The boys had done the very self-same things. They knew it. They were where, except God stopped them, they would follow on to what Fred had become. Some of these very sins, Dr. Neverasole, long years before, had himself committed, and the thought flashed upon him, perhaps, though I have not ruined myself like this poor boy has done, in the sight of God, my respectable cold-blooded sins are quite as

terrible. The boys were much moved, and Popkins was sobbing almost uncontrollably, when poor Fred stopped.

"There is one thing more," resumed the dying youth. "I must tell it to you, Dr. Neverasole. There is one of your boys whom I have not led into evil; at least, he has sinned with me. He has lost money, over and over again, to me. He has paid it, too, and it was a large sum. I am afraid he got it wickedly."

As Fred spoke, Durkey rose from his seat, and made a movement as if he would leave the room.

"Don't go Durkey," said Dr. Neverasole.

"Is Durkey here?" asked Fred, with a trembling voice.

"Yes," answered Dr. Neverasole.

"Durkey," said Fred looking towards him, "do come here."

Shaking, half with alarm, half with strange and terrible emotions, Durkey knelt down by his bedside.

"O, Durkey," said Fred, "we have sinned together. See what I have come to. I would give all things only to be as strong as you are, and to be able to do better. Won't you promise me to amend?" Fred paused from weakness.

"Durkey," said Edward Stebbins, "speak, and tell what we have done. I shall die unless you do."

There was a moment's dreadful silence, when Durkey arose from his knees, his face white as the poor dying youth's.

"Dr. Neverasole," he said, "it is all true; I stole and spent Mr. Whooney's money; Robert Graham is as innocent as a child."

He only uttered the words, and then rushed out of the room. The rest could not stir, could not speak; for every

eye saw a dreadful change pass over Fred's face. His breath came heavily, and with more and more difficulty.

"Pray for me," he said feebly.

"Robert Graham," said Dr. Neverasole, "pray—you can."

On his knees Robert sank down and prayed. He closed with, "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit."

The dying youth said slowly, "Lord—Jesus," and he was dead. Just then, in the stillness, the clock on the First Presbyterian Church struck eleven.

Down in Danville, just a half hour earlier, Mrs. Dorothy, Mrs. Jones and Miss Nancy Hogie moved noiselessly about, and watched Mrs. Graham, who lay still and quiet, with life only fluttering in her heart. From time to time, they read a Psalm or a verse, or said a prayer. Thrice did Mrs. Dorothy read the Commendatory prayer, and twice the Widow Jones muttered, "She can not die, for Robert is on her mind; may the good Lord send her help."

"What time is it?" whispered Mrs. Dorothy.

"A quarter to eleven," answered Miss Nancy.

As she spoke, Mrs. Graham's lips moved, and Mrs. Dorothy bent over her. She distinctly heard the dying woman say: "Blessed be God, who has heard and answered my prayer. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And so she fell asleep.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"Is that all?" says a small but inquisitive boy who sits by my side.

"Yes," I answer wearily.

"But what became of them all?" he persists. "Did Dr. Neverasole become a Christian?"

"He became a Warden of the new Episcopal Church in Hubville, and was sent as a delegate to the Episcopal Convention," I reply.

"But did he become a Christian?"

"Of course, my dear; did you ever know a delegate who was not one."

"What became of Durkey?"

"He is the United States Senator from Dorchester."

"What became of Popkins?"

"He is a clergyman."

"What became of Edward Stebbins?"

"He went to sea, and was drowned."

"What became of Miss Hetty Neverasole?"

"She married Durkey."

"What became of the Bishop of Dorchester?

"He died of overwork."

"And Mr. Whooney?"

"He is Rector of St. Jerome's, and Lucy is all that Mrs. Whooney ought to be."

"What became of Mrs. Neverasole?"

"Nothing ever became of her."

"Now," says the small boy very earnestly, "do please tell me what became of Robert Graham?"

"That I cannot do, for if I did I should have to go on writing the story, and it has come to an end."

"Didn't he marry that little girl you told about a good many numbers ago?"

Hush!"

END.

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